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THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Volume 1 - No. 14

Greensburg, Indiana

June 14, 1962

THE LAST MEETING

Mr. Ivan L. Bailey, spoke on his favorite subject--THE AMERICAN INDIAN. Long slated for discussion, his topic was one that his audience looked forward to with a great deal of anticipation. The sixty or more attending was evidence enough of this interest. Mr. Bailey's listeners were well repaid for their close attention to his masterful presentation of the subject at hand--the daily life, habits and customs of the first American.

Mr. Grant Henderson gave a paper on the subject--this having to do with the life of Killbuck, a notorious Delaware who lived in comparatively late times. Always the student, Mr. Henderson too was the master of his subject. Mr. Walter Weinland, a guest from Hope, Indiana, spoke along similar lines and displayed artifacts from his collection, which was removed from a mound on Clifty (this county) many years ago. Permit us to say that the meeting was very successful, thanks to these three men.

OCCASION: Summer meeting  
PROGRAM: Important business  
and a short movie  
TIME: 8:00 P.M. Greensburg time  
PLACE: Y.M.C.A. basement. Park  
in adjoining parking lot.  
DATE: Thursday, June 28, 1962

The movie--THE BEST MAN-- has been previewed and is recommended. It presents past political campaigns in an entertaining fashion and is non-controversial in character. Garry Moore m-c's the film. To carry out the theme of the program, members are requested to bring their old campaign buttons and badges for display.

The most important item of business will be to discuss the matter of incorporating the Society as a nonprofit organization. Plans will also be formulated for the fall field trip, which has always been one of the high lights of the year. The officers are especially urged to attend this meeting.

BRING AS MANY GUESTS AS YOU WISH!  
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED

Post card views of four points of historical interest in Decatur County are now on sale in all Greensburg drug stores. The cards carry a short description of the particular scenes with derive no profit from their sale. Our local merchants are to be commended for their cooperation in the matter and the photographer is to be especially commended for his fine art work. If their sale warrants, more views will be added to the series.

COMING EVENTS

THIRD ANNUAL HOOSIER FESTIVAL  
CLIFTY FALLS STATE PARK  
AUGUST 12-16  
ROBERT MONTGOMERY, DIRECTOR

MECHANICSBURG SCHOOL REUNION  
NEW POINT SCHOOL  
SEPTEMBER 16TH

FALL FIELD TRIP\*\*DECATUR CO.  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
SEPTEMBER



## EARLY BASEBALL TEAMS

### ALLIE'S TRAMPS

W. Waters, 2b  
A. AmRhein, lb, mgr.  
F. Nieman, ss  
C. Burkhardt, c  
C. Springmeyer, lf  
E. Swango, rf  
G. Cole, 3b  
J. Menkhaus, cf  
E. Ziegler, p

The score-book has it that this aggregation defeated Napoleon, May 21, 1922 by a score of 3-1 on their home grounds at Mechanicsburg. Abplanup pitched for Napoleon with Elmer Ziegler doing the honors for the hosts. The umpire was Will Moulton and Ed Ziegler was the official scorekeeper. There was joy in Mechanicsburg that night, for the home team had won a ball game!!

### MEMBERSHIP

Open to everyone having an interest in history and his heritage. The annual dues are \$1.00 each, payable in advance. The fiscal year ends Dec. 31. Please direct all applications and renewals to the Recording Secretary.

### THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1962

President. . . . . Paul H. Huber  
1st. Vice-President. . Walter B. Lowe  
2nd Vice-President. Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Corresponding Secy. Mrs. Chas. Loucks  
131 W. Central Ave.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Recording Secy . . . Helen K. Bussell  
711 N. East St.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Treasurer. . . . . William Parker

April 12, 1887-Drillers struck gas at a depth of 600 feet at Greensburg And the state geologist said indications were favorable for plentiful production. The gas was lighted and it shot a flame 40 feet high in the air which burned steadily.

Dear Readers:

John Paul was born in Scotland. We read: "The sea! That was what young Paul wanted from the first, as his road to distinction." -and to sea he went--an apprentice on a packet sloop--when he was just thirteen. At twenty-one he was master of a merchant vessel in the West Indies trade. On December 7, 1775 John Paul Jones Esq. was commissioned first lieutenant in the Continental Navy, and so indicated his devotion to the principle of Liberty. Jones? Yes, after an unfortunate brawl aboard his ship, John Paul had assumed the patronymic Jones.

And John Paul Jones is the title of a recently published Biography, carrying the sub-title A SAILOR'S BIOGRAPHY to which we might add: written by a sailor--for the author is Rear Admiral Samuel E. Morison U.S.N.R., Professor Emeritus of American History at Harvard, and his writings are, as the publisher notes: "distinguished by both seamanship and scholarship."

The fighting, tough, skillful John Paul Jones lives again in the pages of this book which is recommended to you by your:

Cousin Book-Worm

### RECENTLY ACQUIRED

#### A CENTURY OF CATHOLICITY IN MILLHOUSEN, INDIANA 1834-1934

Written by the Rev. C. E. Riebenthaler on the occasion of their centennial, this is an excellent account of the ecclesiastical as well as the lay history of the community. It is interesting to note that Father Riebenthaler continues to serve this parish after these 28 years, or more.

A series of pictures of buildings around the Square, some of the vintage of the nineties, is a welcome addition to the growing collections of the Society. Mrs. D. A. Batterton was the donor.



## WELCOME! NEW MEMBERS

Mr. Gilbert T. Richey - Indianapolis  
Mrs. Gilbert T. Richey - Indianapolis  
Dr. D. D. Dickson  
Mr. Nino Dickson  
Miss Julia Huber  
Mr. William B. Baumgartner  
Mr. William B. Baumgartner  
Dr. R. R. Powell - Indianapolis  
Miss Charlotte Huber - Indianapolis  
Mr. Andrew Moore  
Mrs. Hayes Buskirk - Bloomington  
Mr. George Greer  
Mrs. George Greer  
Mr. Anthony Moorman  
Mrs. Glenn A. Howard - Indianapolis  
Mrs. Don O. Mohr - Ponca, Nebraska  
Mr. Wilbur W. Ford  
Mrs. Wilbur W. Ford

Mr. Richey, a Greensburg Boy, is an architect in Indpls. Mrs. Richey is the former Sarah Craig. Dr. Powell a native of Milan practised dentistry here before locating in Indpls. Miss Charlotte Huber, late of Indpls. now lives in Port Charlotte, Florida. Mrs. Hayes Buskirk is the former Ruth White of Greensburg. Mrs. Glenn A. Howard we recognize as Flora Link formerly of the county clerk's office. Mrs. Don O. Mohr formerly Lura Burgess came from the Letts Community-we guess.

### THE BATTLE AT PORT REPUBLIC

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#### THE MOST BRILLIANT ACTION OF THE WAR

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Our Brave Western Men Fight Five Hours  
Against Five Times Their Number

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#### THE SEVENTH INDIANA CHARGE AND DRIVE THE ENEMY LIKE SHEEP.

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List of the Killed and Wounded

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Front Royal, June 15, 1862

The results of the battle of Port Republic on Monday last, between a portion of Shield's division and Jackson's army, are now ascertained, as near as can be. The names already given are known to be among the killed and wounded.

Con't.

ed, although many classed among the missing are no doubt badly injured; but our troops being compelled to retire before a foe so superior in numbers, and in all other respects except bravery, many were necessarily left on the field whose names could not be ascertained. Of the large number classed as missing, many will doubtless find their way back to their regiments. The force engaged was mostly composed of Western men, who did their noble duty, as is evidenced by their fighting a foe more than five times their number for five hours, and then retreating in order, excepting one or two regiments, which were completely surrounded and compelled to take to the mountains, many of whom made their way back to division.

The 7th Indiana Regiment did noble duty, holding their position on the right for four hours against a vastly superior force, Col. Gavin repeatedly charging and driving the enemy like sheep. They left Fredericksburg 800 strong, and arrived at Port Republic with only 300, the remainder being left along the route, sick and disabled, and after the fight they mastered about 140, losing more than half their forces.

The 29th and 66th Ohio Regiments also lost heavily, as may be seen by the list of casualties. The three batteries of artillery, Clark's, Robinson's and Huntington's, are entitled to great praise for the gallant part they took in the action.

Had the 1st and 2nd brigades been enabled to reach the scene of action, and entirely different result would doubtlessly have ensued.

After Monday's fight it is understood Jackson took the road toward Stanardsville, passing through the Gap of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in a line for Gordonsville, at which point is railroad communication with Richmond.

LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED AT  
THE BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC WASHINGTON.

June 14, 1862

Con't.



The following is a list of the killed and wounded at the battle of Port Republic, as far as ascertained:

Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania Regt.  
1 Killed, 2 wounded, and 30 missing.  
Names omitted here.

One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania Regt. 1 Killed, 4 wounded, 23 missing. Names not ascertained.

Seventh Indiana Regt. 300 strong.  
Killed: A. J. Hawley, H. F. Swan, Sergeant A. Harden, Capt. Jacob Shirk, Jacob Michael, Capt. Sol. Waterman, Isaac M. Houston, Wm. Luke, A. Montgomery. Wounded: Lieut. Geo. C. Watson, seriously, Sergt. Wm. Wheeler, slightly, Sergt. James C. Stewart, severely, Wm. Armstrong, seriously, Andy H. Smith, slightly, Corp. James Davis, slightly, Capt. W. C. Bonta, slightly, Sergt. Straugh, slightly, James Weiston, slightly, Corp. Hussey, slightly, C. Franklin, seriously, R. R. Myrick, seriously, Wilson Job, slightly, David White, severely, Silas Davidson, severely, Wm. Franklin, severely, A. J. Peck, severely, O.S. Richmond, severely, Wm. Biernan, slightly, C. W. Stirling, slightly, J. M. Finkin, slightly, J. Williams, seriously, H. H. McCough, slightly, Capt. Welsh, slightly, Sergt. David M. Smith, severely, John McClain, mortally, Ed Rouse, slightly, Isaac Schaffer, severely, John Woodbester, severely, Louis Striker, do, Dyer Moore, slightly, Sergt. J. M. Hocser, slightly, George Miller, severely, B. L. McFarland, slightly, Capt. Ira Grover, slightly, Sergt. G. P. Clayton, slightly, G. Shoemaker, slightly, Wm. M. Hamilton, severely, A. J. Merrick, slightly, S. F. Younk, slightly, N. H. Potter, slightly, Corp. L. P. Gaw, severely, R. Ditmus, severely, Samuel Gassett, severely, J. H. Bisher, severely, J. Rourke, slightly, J. H. Goff, slightly, J. Bond, slightly, Serg. Winscote, slightly, Sidney Adams, slightly, E. Miles, slightly, Sergeant J. B. Williams, seriously, Corp. M.C. Walker, seriously, John Hodges, slightly, N. Allen severely, S. T. Carpenter, severely, John Collins severely,  
Con't.

John Conead, slightly, R. D. Grace, seriously, E. Hall, slightly, Wm. Hare, severely, J. Halcorft, slightly, Wm. Lambert, slightly, H. C. Lemon, mortally, R. B. Lewis, severely, M. X. Lingwood, slightly, Wm. Monroe, slightly, J. Graham, slightly, L. H. Morgan slightly, C. Reynolds, slightly, J. Richardson, slightly, N. J. Lund, severely, Geo. Brickler, slightly, John, Myers, slightly, Co. Montague, slightly, J. N. Opel, slightly, B. G. Boyce, slightly, J. W. Hart, slightly, Lieut. E. D. Bryant, slightly, Serg. E. F. Hunt, severely, J. N. Holtscaw, slightly, Thos. Grant, slightly, Wm. Stricklin, slightly, T. J. Hellan, slightly, W. M. Hess, slightly, J. M. Leake, slightly, Sergt. Jacob Varnen, seriously, H. T. James, slightly, E. Mark, slightly, Wm. Rosking, seriously, J. Tracey, severely, J. Gateby, severely, J. Smith, severely, W. M. Campbell, severely, A. J. Canby, Severely,

Sixth-Sixth Ohio Regt.  
17 Killed, 59 wounded, 107 missing.  
Names omitted here.

Twelfth Ohio Regt.  
4 Killed, 56 wounded, 174 missing.  
Names omitted here.

Seventh Ohio Regt.  
11 Killed, 59 wounded, 10 missing.  
Names omitted here.

Twenty-Ninth Ohio Regt.  
17 Killed, 39 wounded, 138 missing.  
Names omitted here.

Battery H.--1st Ohio  
2 Killed, 5 wounded, 3 missing.  
Lost 2 guns. Names omitted here.

Battery L.--1st Ohio  
1 Killed, 4 wounded, 5 missing.  
Names omitted here.

The number of men engaged was about 350, of whom 9 were killed, 9 mortally wounded, 123 wounded, 30 missing, and 2 prisoners.

Sam Cochran remained at his gun and fired it alone three times,  
Con't.



making great havoc among the enemy, and then, knocking down a Rebel with a stone, he made his escape.

The foregoing list of killed and wounded is compiled from official and other sources, and is as near correct as can be obtained for the present.

EDITORS NOTE: This casualty list is from the NEW YORK DAILY TRIBUNE dated Monday June 16, 1862. Decatur County had three companies in the SEVENTH-D, E, and G. The Battle of Port Republic was their baptism in the Civil War. The names underscored are those known or thought to have been from Decatur County. The regimental history lists the following as casualties which are not mentioned in the TRIBUNE:

Pilgrim Cox, wounded; James Kelley, Killed; John McCain, wounded mortally; Joab Shirk Killed; George W. Michael, killed; Allen G. Bates, wounded; Sydney D. Griswold, wounded mortally; Charles Jones, wounded. Port Republic is now a ghost town in the Shenandoah Valley located 12-15 miles South of Harrisonburg, Va. A tablet on the battle field states that the Confederate Army took 500 prisoners here, the Editors grandfather among them. He was a member of the 5th. Ohio which fought the rear guard action.

### A TREE

The City of Greensburg and Decatur County has a tree, but unlike all other trees, this particular tree grown not from the ground, but from atop the count-house tower some 110 feet in the air. A photograph of the tower taken in 1860 on completion of the structure, reveals no trees on the tower, evidence in itself that a tree was not planted there. History has it, that the first tree appeared about 1870. Since that time there have been any number of trees on the tower, as many as 8 at a time. Presently there is only one, this on the Southwest ridge of the tower. The tree appears to be about 10 feet high, as compared to the dial of the clock, which is 7 feet 4 inches in diameter. The species has been identified by the Smithsonian Con't.

Institute as a large toothed aspen, or in the Latin-POPULUS GRANDI-DENTATA. Botanists tell us, that the habitat of this aspen, is in the limestone country and true to form, our tree has its roots imbedded between innemse stone blocks, that constitute the roof of the tower. However, there are no trees like it to be found elsewhere in this county, and the county does abound in limestone. A previous tree, or perhaps a branch of the tree removed from the tower some years ago, measures 4 1/3 inches in diameter. The present tree has prospered this summer due to the frequent rains, and even with the advent of drier weather, continues to thrive and wave its branches ever so majestically and so everlasting, like the monarch that it is - of all it surveys. The tree has been photographed many times, every day in fact and vistas are maintained for that reason. It has been the subject of songs, to say nothing of the verse written about it. The tree has looked down on such notables as Wm. Jennings Bryan, Robert G. Ingersoll, Gen. Benj. Harrison, Gen. John A. Logan, Gov. Oliver P. Morton, our own Gen. John T. Wilder, Lieut. Gov. Will Cumback and the late Admiral Wm. Lawrence Erdmann, a former Greensburg boy. Mr. Smiley Fowler, our poet-laureate has written, somewhat a jest, the following:

On the roof of our tower, two trees  
Seem to thrive in the dust laden  
Breeze,  
But when the storm blows  
The Lord only knows  
How they cling with such nonchalant  
Ease.



## EDITORS NOTE

We are indebted to Carroll Pleak for the following article. We are especially interested to learn that George Donner of the ill-fated Donner Party once lived near Kingston. Can this be further documented:

The INDPLS. NEWS in reply to a question some time ago gave the following. (quote).

QUESTION: What was the Donner Party?

ANSWER: The Donner party was a westbound group of settlers under George Donner which suffered disaster in the Sierra-Nevada in the winter of 1846-47. Caught by snow in early November, the party of 87 (of whom 39 were children, 17 of them under six) was forced to make camp just within the California border. A few succeeded to breaking through on foot, but the first of four relief parties from Sutter's Fort did not reach the camp until February 22. There were only 47 survivors, the last not brought out until April 22, 1847.

### PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

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Personal Sketches Of Decatur's Pioneer Fathers

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The Men Of 1819-'20.

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First Grist Mills In County--Shelhorn, Jewitt, Paul, House.

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White the sheets of THE STANDARD of last week were yet damp for the press I had the good fortune to find, in an old issue of this paper, (September 21, 1872) a paper prepared by Hon. William J. Robinson and read before the Decatur County Old Settlers' Association on September 12th of that year, on the Early History of Adams Township, to which I am indebted for further and more definite information as to its first settlement. There were five families squatted within the present bounds of that township as early as the spring of 1820, the Gullions, before mentioned, the Tanners, the Iseleys, the Zeiglers, and the Heaton's. Located as follows:

Philip Isely, in November 1819, on what is now the Ira D. Jewett farm, north of St. Omer.

Henry Gullion of Clifty, part of the Newson Hamilton farm, now the property of John H. Brown.

Peter Zeigler in the spring of 1820, on the well known Adkins-Pleak farm, and the exact site of Jos. A. Wynn's palatial home.

Abraham Heaton in the spring of 1820, now owned by T. P. Watson.

Edward Tanner in the spring of 1820, on the "school section", now part of the possessions of the Nelson Jewett heirs.

There is a tradition that John Gullion, perhaps a brother or son of Henry, (I find the name in Mr. Robinson's sketch) had reconnoitered the Flatrock region as early as 1818, and made a small "clearing" somewhere thereabout, but find no other mention of him. The tow names were, possibly, applied to the same person. This, however, is now "a matter of no consequence," as Dickens would have Mr. Toots say.

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Whether there any additions to either of the two settlements I have been treating of during of during the summer of 1820, and previous to the lands being put in the market, is matter of uncertainty at this day, though tradition says a few families were added to that in Fugit early that fall--among them Dr. Nathan Lewis (he wasn't a "docter" then, how-



ever,) and his father-in-law, --Sebly, and James Wise, the latter of whom settled on land now partly covered by Clarksburg.

The first death that occurred in the county, it is believed, was in the Wise family, soon after it came, and was a most sorrowful affair. Two of their sons, mere lads, wandered off and were lost in the all-pervading woods. Search was made, all the neighborhood turning out, but it was not until several days had elapsed that they were found by one Joseph Weston, and then one of them dead, having perished from cold and exposure--and the other in a very enfeebled condition.

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At the first of that October there were certainly eleven, perhaps fourteen families living within the limits of the county, and as nearly all of these were but recently married parties, the entire population could hardly have exceeded fifty or sixty. The emigration soon rapidly began, and by the opening of spring there was estimated to be a hundred and fifty, and a year later, when the organization of the County was effected, three hundred and fifty families, and a total population of twelve to fourteen hundred.

Who was the first comer after the land sales? is a question very difficult to answer, there being scarcely any communication between the different neighborhoods, and the one did not know what was being done in the others. The better opinion is that honors are about equal between Josua Cobb, John Shelhorn and David Jewitt, all of whom had occupied their new homes before the end of the year. Following closely after them were Jonathan Paul, on the present site of Saint Paul; James Saunders, on that of Clarksburg; Seth Lowe at and William Custer and George Donner one half-mile south of Kingson; Thomas Hendricks on the site, and John House a half-mile south, of this city; and John Bryson, the Rankins, Hendersons, Martins, and others about and around Springhill.

In 1825 Donner sold his "eighty" to Lowe, and emigrated to the still farther "Far West"--Missouri. I have been advised; and, on the breaking out of the California gold fever, in 1849, cut loose from the land of the "Pukes" and pulled out for the then Modern Ophir. The next, and last, that was known of the Donner family was finding of their mutilated remains, by the next following emigrant party, in the Salt Lake Valley, on the California Trail. The Gentiles charged the crime upon the Mormons; they upon Indians; and poor Lo--well, he was not interviewed on the subject!

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#### PERSONAL SKETCHES

John Shelhorn and the Kimballs were natives of New Jersey, were brothers-in-law, and made their entries about the same time Shelhorn had previously brought his family to the neighborhood of Broodville, and was there awaiting the opening of the Land-office--meanwhile quietly prospecting the 'New purchase. He evidently had an eye open to the future, his first entry, (the first made in the County,) being the "quarter" on which is the junction of Big and Little Flatrocks--land with good natural drainage, and several at that time valuable mill-sites on it.

Personally, I did not know, and do not remember to have ever seen Mr. Shelhorn; he passed away from this world's scene of action while yet in Manhood's early prime--perhaps before my day, but his works remained. The Mill and the mill-pond were there, supplying food to the hungry, and 'we' boys--William Moore, Daniel Stewart, John Fowler, etc. fished and swam in the pond later--oh, so long ago! The town of Rockville, laid out by him 1821, preceded, or soon followed its founder to the Land of shadows. Of all the things he prided himself upon, only the nearly six hundred acres of the then most desirable lands in the neighborhood, entered by him in 1820-21, remain.



The name Rockville does not, never did, appear upon the maps of the County. It was located on the ridge between Little and Big Flat, and the dream of its founder was that it would someday become a Countyseat, a political center, a commercial emporium. "The best laid schemes". The Legislature of 1821 threw Rockville out into an obscure corner of the County, and the vision of academies, court houses and towering spires passed away.

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David Jewitt was a native of York State, and a noble specimen of the mixed Anglo-Saxon-Knickerbocker breed; large and brawny, not over tall, with the vitality and energy of the two races. I have been told he was a shoe-maker by trade, but had a genius and ambition beyond the wax-end and pegging-awl.

His first venture was a grist-mill, on Little Flat, a half-mile above the Shelhorn mill; following next was the tanyard, in which he did most of the work; and following this a distillery capable of turning out two gallons and a quart of whiskey from a bushel of corn. (Mem: More than sixty years ago I heard old men discourse upon the purity and peculiar virtues of the whiskey made in their younger days, and anathematize the existing product. It is the old story over and over from youth to old age; a fashion that has never changed. Mr. Robinson in the paper referred to says that, at one time, Adams township had "as many as six" distilleries turning out the "oh be joyful". The business was not disreputable then--christian deacons made it, christian elders sipped it, and christian laymen--.

Well, thereto hinges a story that will keep until a more appropriate occasion.

Mr. Jewitt was one of my father's, and the old "Repository" staunch friends, and it was seldom he came to town that he did not drop into its office with a cheery word and, better than words, the name of one or more new subscribers. I, therefore, knew him well, as well as I could know my own boy could know a man of his years. He was a plain man of the people, common in his dress and habits, sociable with all classes of society: therefore, popular in his neighborhood, a justice of the peace for many years, and ex-officio member of the Board doing County business; and for years a Whig leader, ("Boss," political opponents would now call him,) of his township. His usual summer dress was jeans or linen pants, cotton or linen shirt, coarse brogan shoes, topped off with a flannel "warm me". This wherever business or pleasure called. Apropos to this, a story:

While building his first mill he went to Cincinnati for the necessary machinery, and after making his selections asked how soon they could have it packed. The proprietor, who had all the while kept a suspicious eye upon him now asked, "What references have you?" "These." was his answer; pulling from his pocket a roll of United States Bank bills as large as a man's thigh.

Needless to say, that merchant never after asked David Jewitt for "references."

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The Paul family were pioneers of Jefferson County, coming there from Kentucky soon after the organization of this State, and one of them owned the land, and laid off, the city of Madison; a sister became the wife of Hon. William Hendricks, who was Indiana's lone Representative in the lower house of Congress from 1817 till 1821, Governor from 1822 till 1825, and United States Senator from 1825 till 1827. Col. John A. Hendricks, a son of theirs, was killed in Pea Ridge, Missouri, in 1862, while gallantly leading the charge upon the Rebel works.



October 10, 1820, Johnathan Paul entered all of s.3,t.11,r.8, except the north-east eighty--the largest entry ever made in the County at a single time. He brough his family there that winter, and during the summer and fall following built a grist--and saw-mill on Millcreed. Mr. Robinson is of opinion this was the first grist-mill in operation in the County, as previous to its time his father had been compelled to go to Whitewater for breadstuffs. A few years later a wool-carding machinery, and still later, a complete outfit for the manufacture of wool-en goods-flannels and linseys, jeans, cassinets, blankets, and the old-time popular full-cloths--were added to the establishment; both of these latter, I believe, by his son, John P. For a number of years this factory did a flourishing business; but a time came, (much to the advantage of the consumer, but bringing ruin upon its proprietors,) That the competition of the large eastern factories swallowed their trade, and the establishment was literally "frozen out."

On the permanent location of the Big Four, (then the Lawrenceburg and Upper Mississippi, railroad, the town Staint Paul was laid out, by John P. Paul but was engineered by his wide-awake son-in-law, Mr. Erastus L. Floyd. How the place got its front name has, to me, always been one of the past-finding-out mysteries.

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John M. Robinson was one of the many thousands of colonists sent by the Old Dominion to Indiana, having come to this State in 1814. He was born about the year 1790 (Nov. 23, 1781:Mem. By C. D. Pleak) at the confluence of the Tygart's Valley River with the West Fork of the Monongahela; grow to manhood and was married, and one child, (the lately deceased Miss Julia:Sept. 7, 1897) was born there. That was then a portion of Harrison, but has since been cut off, and is now in Marion County, WestWest Virginia, a rolling, (western soldiers thought it mountainous,) but very productive, and was the native home of the worl-famous blue-grass.

In the early spring of 1814 he built a flatboat, and loading upon it all his early possessions, including wife and baby, floated down the Monongahela to the Ohio Rive, and on down and down that stream to the mouth of Hogan creed. Aurora and her monster distilleries were not there then, and they did not have to "hold their noses" while they poled up the creek for a suitable anchorage.

On the David Reese farm, a mile or two above there, he raised a corn crop that season, and the next year moved up onto the "idge, between Aurora and Manchester, and remained there nearly six years quietly awaiting the opening of the New Purchase lands for entry; and there, April 22, 1815, his son William J. was born. October 8, 1820 he entered the land known for over two-thirds of a century as the "Robinson farm," and which, on Monday next, will have been the family home two years over three-fourths of a century.

During the winter a small clearing was made, and a house built, on the ridge between the Pond Branch and Big Flat, and left in care of a squatter who had been hired to continue the clearing. That winter he bro't out a load of corn, to have readiness when he moved out. March 1, 1821, loading up two four-hourse wagons, he bade farewell to Dearborn County and pulled out for the new home. It rained every day, and almost every hour, for five days, and it was not until the afternoon of the fifth day that they reached Joshua Cobb's, where, finding the creek swollen past fording, they remained that night. Pushing on the next morning, during the day they passed one lone house, (that to Thomas Hendricks, where Greensburg now stands,) and the afternoon of March 7 arrived at the destined point--seven days in covering fifty miles.

From Cobb's Mr. R. had sent one of his hired men forward to prepare things for their arrival, who reported that the tenant was gone when



he reached there, and the wagon-load of corn had gone with him. There was a bright side, however, to this misfortune. Their hired man had shot a fine buck that day, and their supper was simply luxurious. "That venison," says Wm. J. "was the tenderest, juiciest, most toothsome that I ever ate--before or since." He was a lad of six years then, and lads of that age usually have appetites as large as their stomachs.

Mr. Robinson Sr. was a Progressive, far in advance of his time; a temperance man, an opponent of human slavery, and a friend to popular education; but, above all these, he was a Christian man, and his first want was a church. To this end he devoted his spare time, assisted by Rev. Daniel Stogsdill, who had preceded him there, Mt Mariah Baptist Church was organized; this was either in the fall of 1822 or the spring of 1823, and is believed to have been the first church organized in the county.

Among the charter member of this are remembered the following heads of families: Daniel Stogsdill, John M. Robinson, Philip Stark, Solomon Turpin, Jonas Long, James Byrum, and Richard Guthrie.

About the middle of the '30's Mr. Robinson built a comfortable school house on his farm, employed competent teachers, and opened its doors, for the small fee, to 'whomsoever will'! Among those who took advantage of the opportunities there were Thomas A. Hendricks and -- (later Dr.) Robbins, of Shelbyville; John G. Dunn, of Lawrenceburg, poet, artist, and physician; Daniel M. and John F. Ewing and Lafayette and Washington Freeman and Charles B. Dart, of this place. The school was continued only until Mr. R.'s children had been prepared to enter college.

Orville Thomson

#### HISTORY OF CLARKSBURG THE STUDIUM

(Clarksburg High School Class Magazine, 1913)

To obtain a wider and more specific view of the history of Clarksburg, it is necessary to give something of the history of Fugit Township, before entering into the more important part of the subject at hand.

There is no little dispute among authorities as to who was the first settler of Fugit Township. Most authorities agreed that this township was first settled in 1819 by John Fugit, for whom the township was named; next came Griffy, yet some assert that Griffets was first. Also Elias Jarret was conspicuous among those early settlers. Prominent historians of the county say that John Fugit, Griffy Griffets, and Elias Jarret, smoked their last pipes among the hills and hollows of Franklin County in March 1819, and moved near the present site of Clarksburg.

Among these patriarchs John Fugit was probable of the most service to his country. He became Justice of Peace and was later elected one of the first associate Judges of the Circuit Court. He later (1824) moved to Clay Township and from there to Milford, where he died in 1844.

Most of the early inhabitants of this township came from Kentucky, and was of the original Virginia stock that settled our southern neighbor state. To any interested observer the tales of the deeds of our old pioneer fathers, Dr. Nathan Lewis, Cornelius Cain, David Rankin and Andrew Rankin, have much interest as they are told by a few of our venerable elder citizens, about the warm fireside in the winter time.



The first land entered in this township was one hundred sixty acres in section one, township eleven, range 10. It was entered by James Wiley, October 9, 1820.

Dear old Fugit can proudly boast that the first school in the county was kept within her limits. This school was about one mile east of Clarksburg in 1820. Among its early instructors were Nathan Hobbs, Samuel Donnell, and John Bell.

Probably the greatest disaster that ever befell this township was the passing of a violent hurricane, which did great damage to timber and buildings in the year 1836.

Now let us pass from the township into the pride of Fugit's heart, the town of Clarksburg. Clarksburg, the largest and oldest town of Fugit Township is beautifully located in the extreme northeastern corner of Decatur County, Indiana. It is surrounded by some of the most fertile and productive soil in the state. As its environment makes necessary, its inhabitants carry on agriculture to a large extent, and it boasts of being located in one of the wealthiest townships in the county.

Clarksburg was organized and laid out by Woodson Clark, about the year 1827. He was not the first settler, for James Wiley had settled as early as 1820, but he (Woodson Clark) was the originator and founder of the town, which now bears his name. Mr. Clark received the land from the government, and divided it into lots, and gave them free of charge to men of a trade, who wanted to come here and develop their industries. Mr. Clark's project bore fruit, and soon the sound of the blacksmiths anvil, the weaver's loom, and never ceasing noises from numerous factories, the humming of grist and lumber mills, so intermingled with the murmuring forest that ere many years had passed, barbarianism had given way to civilization, hunting had been replaced by labor, and all things began to work together, to build our little town.

The first blacksmiths shop was a rude log structure built about 1849, some where near the home of A. T. Brock. This shop was owned and operated by a Mr. Saunders. A tanning factory was first put into operation in 1850 by a Mr. West. For a number of years he did a thriving and paying business, but when tanning materials became scarce he abandoned his industry. and now there is nothing to tell the modern observer that the factory once existed except a few depressions, which were made in the excorations of the building near the present home of George Rodgers. The tile factory has also suffered a similar fate. Wm. M. Hamilton operated this factory just south of town, on an exceedingly large scale, but on account of lack of convenient methods of transportation, this industry is only known to us, by a few standing buildings, and the unrelenting talk around the village stores. At the time when the above named factories were being operated, also large carding woolen mills were daily turning out cloth from their looms. One of these mills was operated in the building which has, in recent years been remodeled into a stable by B. E. Russell. The Author has been told by our oldest citizens that this mill did a very extensive business.

The first grist mill was probably operated at the present site of the C. B. Emmert mill. It has been stated that in the earlier period of the existence of our town, a Mr. Howard resided on the site of the present mill, but his humble residence was destroyed by fire, and the land was bought by Jacob Emmert, who erected the mill about the year 1863. In 1870 Mr. Emmert added a sawing department to his grist mill, and began to saw lumber on a large scale. He also operated a planing mill at this time. The passing of years has also dwarfed this business at least the sawing department, for now, the clomoring of the gas engine in the grist mill, is much more prominent than the humming of the saw. Mr. Jacob Emmert, has now retired to his farm, and the mill is operated by his son C. B. Emmert.



There was also operated in this town, sausage grinder mills, but their work was less extensive than the other industries. There was also a ripe factory, but the past is too misty to present any absolute facts about it, other than the fact of its existence. Within recent years a wagon factory was operated by Thomas Ray. John Thompson also had a very extensive pump and cabinet works, just at the rear, of Jackson's livery and feed stable. All of these factories have gone out of business largely, because Clarksburg is without a railroad or other convenient means of transportation, so small home factories can not compete with large factories of the city.

The general stores, of the town, have changed owners so often, that it would be monotonous to trace all of them from their starting, to the present time. There is some little dispute among "fire side critics" as to who kept the first store in Clarksburg. The author has been informed by some, that a Mr. Brown held the first general store on the present site of I. M. Seniors General Merchandise store about the time of the Mexican War. Others say, Wheatly and Dobyns, were our first merchants. There was, at an early date, a small store at the present Beall lot, but it has suffered the gradual dilapidations of time, and is now known only thru the medium of memory. An elderly resident says that a rude log hut once occupied the site of the Russel and Co. Cast Store, but that this primitive structure was replaced by the modern brick edifice by the old patriarch J. N. Moore, who, previous to this time had kept a store, where the I.O.O.F. building now stands.

Information says the first drug store was kept by Dr. Cain on the present site of the residence of Henry Hollensly. Mr. Hollensly has since converted this historic building into a work shop, and at present it contains only remedies for broken machinery. This store also had a multitude of owners; Russell, Beall, Miller, Schumm and Hite, and is now owned by A. C. Schumm.

In the days when leather shoes were none things, Clarksburg possessed numerous shoe shops. The sites of the residence of H. C. Doles, the miller Boarding House, and the H. C. Doles and Son Hardware Establishment, all once fostered a rude shoe shop within their limits.

In speaking of the industries of the town, it would be unsatisfactory and unjust, not to mention some of our early physicians. Doctors Crawford and Foster are among the first. Present days find us well supplied with physicians of much ability. They are Doctors Beall, Thomas and Clark. Before them was the Venerable Dr. Johnson.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that the author has to give no space to accounts concerning saltons, for it has always been the pride and boast of our little Village to tolerate no form of business which would tend to lower the morals of the present population and its posterity.

To Clarksburg belongs the honor of having the first school in Decatur Co. This school was kept about one mile east of where the town now stands. School was later kept in the immediate vicinity of the home of J. L. Smith. The building still exists, but it has been moved to the farm home of William Angle, and is now serving the purpose of a wood shed. The country adjacent to this school building, was then, a dense forest. In 1876 a new two storey buck building was erected on the present public school grounds. The edifice, which cost four thousand dollars, was a source of great pride to the patrons of the school. To show their friendly disposition to education, the people themselves, donated some five or six hundred dollars of the cost of the erection. Among its early teachers were: C. L. Hottle, Elmer Cain, Irene Durham and Mattie Nebro. The present school building, which is a much finer



structure than the former one, supports four years of High School, besides the Grammar, Intermediate, and primary grades. The school also has excellent courses in art, music, manual training and domestic science. Its corps of teachers is not easily equaled in any other school. The citizens of Clarksburg, have labored without ceasing, to give their children the best of an education. As a result, many of Decatur County's most prominent citizens have graduated from the Clarksburg school. Our schools have trained men for all the honorable professions of life, and her graduates have played a conspicuous part in our history.

It would be unfair to complete this history without mentioning the churches of the town. The Methodist, Presbyterian, and Christian Churches all have a very interesting history, but entirely too voluminous for a work of this character.

In concluding this brief history of our township and town, an appeal should be made, to us all, to highly resolve, that we, as citizens, shall never work to such an end that we may disgrace the grand works which our fore fathers so nobly started. Let us do all things so that Clarksburg shall be a fit place of residence for the coming generations.

Ralph Bowen Linville  
Clarksburg, Indiana  
May, 1913

EDITORS NOTE: Major Ralph B. Linville, now retired from the chemistry department of Virginia Military Institute, lives in Lexington, Virginia.

Samuel Alexander & Charles B. Penrose have bought from George Gaullagher his large and very extensive stock of "MERCHANDIZE", composing a most extensive assortment of "GOODS", suitable for the present and approaching seasons, and which, (at the old stand of George Gaullagher,) they now offer to their friends and the public, at the most reduced prices. From a determination to keep the assortment at all times full, and their disposition to accommodate all who may favour the store with a call, they declare that on their part, nothing shall be wanting of afford satisfaction.

The following articles compose a part of their STOCK OF GOODS, to wit:

Angola Cassimeres. . . . .	A corruption of Angora, a city of Asia, cloth fringed shawl of goat hair, long and silky. Angora wool is the true Mohair of Commerce.
Plain and striped Satinets. . . . .	Imitation satin. Has cotton warp cloth with woolen filling.
Bombazets and Bombazeens . . . . .	Latin word Bombay, cinus, the silken Bombyx-silkworm. A twill dress fabric with silk warp and worsted weft.
Irish Popolins . . . . .	Self-explanatory.
Striped Bengals. . . . .	One of the many Bengal cloths on the market at this time but bought in quantities by Great Britain at the beginning of the 18th century.



Blue and yellow Company Nankeens . . . From the city of Nanking in China.  
A kind of trouser.

Levantine, Senshaws, Mantuas, . . . . . Levantine-A very heavy reversible  
Florence and Sarsnett Silks. . . . . silk. Turkish.  
Senshaws-A Chinese textile.  
Sarsnett- A lining silk for robes  
or coats in different colors & black.  
Mantuas-Are kind of Spanish scarfs,  
long or short, some wide.  
Florence and Sarsnett silks are silks  
from Florence, Italy.

Plain and figured Mull Mull . . . . . Mull-Self explanatory.

Jaconet, Cambrick and Swiss Muslins. . . . . Jaconet-A fine cotton cloth from India.  
Cambrick-Self explanatroy  
Swiss Muslin-Muslin from Switzerland.

Robinetts and Italian Crapes . . . . . Robinetts-A net for general purposes.  
Italian Crapes-Crapes from Italy.

Bengal Chintz and Gingham. . . . . Same as striped Bengals. India and  
and the Bengal sea.

Long Lawn and Linen Cambricks . . . . . Long Lawn-A sheer cloth.  
Linen Cambricks-Flax.

Washington, Wilmington & Union. . . . . Heavy silks with differenc colors  
Stripes and widths of stripes.

Painted Muslins and Bed Ticking . . . . . Painted Muslins-Muslins decored with  
Chinese designs.  
Bed Ticking-Self explanatory.

Wash Leather, Horse & Dog skin  
Gloves, Silk, Kid, and York tan. . . . . York tan is English.

Gentleman and Lady's Leghorn Hat . . . . . Popular though highly priced.

Straw and Gimp Bonnets. . . . . . . . . . . Gimp-a cloth six inches wide and often  
threaded with wire. used for making  
brims.

ALSO: Rock and Rifle Powder, Brandy, Gin Spi  
rits, Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Pepper  
Alspice, Salt, Fish, Etc. . . . . . . . . . . Rock & Rifle Powder-Blasting and  
Gun Powder.

August 17, 1825

The original was a gift from Dr. Edgar Nelson Mendenhall of Fort  
Wayne, Indiana. Copy contributed by Louise Mendenhall Stevenson, his  
cousin.

Research of definitions gathered by:

Mrs. Nancy Stevenson Young	Mrs. Louise Mendenhall Stevenson
Miss Martha Samuels	Mrs. Helen Craig, (Typist)
Mrs. Thelma Hungerford	Sources of Research Material: Webster Collegiate, Funk & Wagnalls, and others.



Volume 1 - No. 13

Greensburg, Indiana

February 23, 1962

PRICE HOUSE

Mrs. Mary Price, Prop't's

also dealer in

FINE WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, TOBACCOS,  
ETC.

Sunman, Ind. 10/16 190

Mr. John Russell  
Gburg,

Dear Sir:- Batesville is a dead one. I call on all you had on the list and two others and found them all stocked with Morris flour at 3.40-3.50 I enclose the only orders I could locate today & unless Mrs. Engle call for her flour tomorrow you may ship it that PM as they only had 150#. I walked over to Smith Xing and collected 7.25 from E.R. Littell. You didnt give me his account so I guess at it. He will make it right. Send him a statement.

This is a blue trip for me so far. I worked to beat the band at Batesville but found I was up against it. Hoff is going to take on the OLD TIMES and Metz promised as soon as he reduces his stock to give me a chance. That will be a good trade if we can get it.

Hope to have better success tomorrow.

Yours

(signed) Geo. CB

ed's note-This gem is from the GARLAND MILL PAPERS. We admire this salesman who walked from New Point to Smiths Crossing and back to New Point, thence by train to Batesville and Sunman where he spent the night. Selling Greensburg flour in Batesville was like "carrying coals to Newcastle."

OCCASION: Spring meeting  
SPEAKER: Mr. Ivan L. Bailey  
TIME: 8:00 P.M. Greensburg Time  
PLACE: Y.M.C.A. basement. Enter by steps (down) on North side of bldg. Park in adjoining parking lot.  
DATE: Friday - March 9, 1962

Mr. Bailey who comes from an old Decatur County family, is a close student of local history and is particularly interested in the subject about which he will speak-OUR INDIANS. Mr. Bailey believes that there is nothing more important than people and here he will deal with the daily life, habits and customs of the Indian, who inhabited this county as late as 1850. A round-table discussion to follow with others participating, should bring out other little known facets of the red man who roamed this area long ago. As far as the written word is concerned this is a much neglected phase of our history, especially on a local level. Members having artifacts pertaining to the subject, are requested to bring a few pieces.

BRING AS MANY GUESTS AS YOU WISH.  
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

!! CALLING MEMBERS WHO HAVE  
NOT PAID 1962 DUES !!

Thirty-three members in good standing last year, have not yet renewed their membership for 1962. Twenty-one of these are Charter Members! Why not remit now? Your 1962 membership card will be sent to you immediately - on receipt of a one dollar bill (or check).

Edward Eggleston died Sept. 3, 1902 at Joshua's Rock, Lake George, New York and is buried there.



### WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

- 327 Mrs. Margaret M. Smyrnoff  
-Bradenton, Fla.
- 328 Mrs. Omer Fately-Flat Rock, Ind.
- 329 A/3C Fred Craig-Lincoln, Neb.
- 330 Mr. Russell Powner
- 331 Mrs. Russell Powner
- 332 Mrs. Arthur Nevius
- 333 Mrs. Gladys Badgley
- 334 Mr. I. R. Bailey
- 335 Mr. Collins Ball
- 336 Mrs. Collins Ball
- 337 Mrs. Louise Bohner-Indianapolis
- 338 Mrs. Martha Dodge
- 339 Mrs. Lena Lynch
- 340 Mr. Elmer McDermott
- 341 Mrs. Elmer McDermott
- 342 Dr. Donald Oljace
- 343 Mrs. Donald Oljace
- 344 Mrs. Robert Parker
- 345 Mr. Wendell W. Pleak
- 346 Mr. Floyd Romine
- 347 Mrs. Floyd Romine
- 348 Mrs. Jessie Smith
- 349 Mr. Walter Thackery
- 350 Mrs. Walter Thackery
- 351 Mr. John Wetnight-Shelbyville
- 352 Mrs. John Wetnight-Shelbyville
- 353 Mr. J. Van Woodfill
- 354 Miss Amanda J. Martin-Indpls.
- 355 Mr. John Ben Jones
- 356 Mrs. John Ben Jones
- 357 Mr. Ira B. Hamilton-N. Vernon
- 358 Mrs. Ira B. Hamilton-N. Vernon
- 359 Mrs. Nelle Starks
- 360 Mrs. Arthur Lynch
- 361 Mr. Robert McAuliffe
- 362 Mrs. Robert McAuliffe
- 363 Miss Karen McAuliffe
- 364 Mr. Frank I. Hamilton
- 365 Mr. Frank L. Clark
- 366 Mr. R. T. Meridith
- 367 Mrs. R. T. Meridith

Mrs. Smyrnoff is the former Margaret Miller, who prefers to spend her summers in Greensburg. Helen Aldrich Fately another native, is always glad to visit back home. Fred Craig is doing his stint for Uncle Sam in the Air Corps. Mrs. Bohner formerly of New Point, is the beloved aunt of the president of this society. The Wetnights of Shelbyville are Civil War buffs and members of the Shelby County and Indiana Historical Societies. Amanda Jackson Martin a descendent of old Decatur County families, currently

is president of the Mechanicsburg School Reunion group. Mrs. Hamilton is the former Helen McConnell and certainly descended from G. W. McConnell who lived on the Millhousen Road in 1867. Mr. Hamilton, a native of course, is a successful attorney in North Vernon.

### RECENT GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY

"THE REVOLUTION" by the staff of AMERICAN HERITAGE, illustrated. The donor is Mr. Louis Porter of Cincinnati and a member of the Decatur County Historical Society.

### GREENVILLE, TENNESSEE

Andrew Johnson, who was at the time a United States Senator, having been elected after he left the Presidential chair, was stricken with paralysis on the 29th of July, 1875, at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Brown, in Carter county, Tenn., and he died there on morning of the 31st, in the 67th year of his age. His dying request, "Let my body be shrouded in the flag of the nation and my head pillowed on the constitution of my country," was complied with, and his funeral was without any display of "pomp and circumstance." A plain hearse carried the remains, and three carriages held the members of his family. There were no other vehicles, but thousands of the people of East Tennessee followed the remains of their esteemed leader. They were interred with simple religious exercises on an eminence west of the town of Greenville- a spot selected by himself- commanding an extended view of the surrounding country. The surrounding mountains, which has stood sentinels of his home, now look down upon the unpretending monument erected over his grave.

### MEMBERSHIP

Open to everyone having an interest in history and his heritage. The annual dues are \$1.00 each, payable in advance. The fiscal year ends December 31st. Please direct all applications and renewals to the Recording Secretary.



Dear Reader:

Astronaut, cosmonaut - words of today that rocket our thoughts into space! In the early 1500s, one Nickolas Lud, age twenty, living in the tiny but wide-awake village of Saint Die (France), dreamed of obtaining a printing press - and did! Then he and some young friends began to work on a book whose impressive title would be "Introduction to Cosmography." Today, we wonder about life on other planets. Those young writer-printers had a long fish-shaped coast line to wonder about - a land that was being referred to as a New World. What should its name be? And they would have to draw a map of it. As you read the opening pages of the recently published book Wilderness, you will begin to share the excitement of those young Frenchmen.

And, once the author, Rutherford Platt has caught your interest, you will eagerly turn page after page, and will understand why he wrote: "America was the biggest surprise in the history of man." Mr. Platt has written the story of those 300 years during which white men were slowly pushing their way to the west coast of the new continent - gradually realizing its size and its potentialities. One critic comments: "Columbus, the Norsemen, the Cabots, the Spaniards.. are rescued from dull history books and made live and vibrant."

Why don't you dip into Wilderness - The Discovery of a Continent of Wonder - and relive, in your mind's eye, those long ago yester-years. Good winter-evening reading - opines your

Cousin Book-Worm

#### COMING EVENTS

1. Summer meeting- who has an idea?
2. Fall Field Trip  
"THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD"

#### WHAT IS YOUR DECATUR COUNTY I.Q.?

1. What one tribe of Indians laid claim to Decatur County in recent years?
2. In what township is there a point that drains into four historic streams? Name the streams.
3. Who were the only two men ever to be elected to Congress from this county?
4. What had these men in common as concerns Decatur County- Fred Small, Ira G. Grover, George H. Thomas and William Owens?
5. The first newspaper published in this county quoted the New Orleans market. What was the name of the paper?
6. Who has the distinction of being the first member of the present Decatur County Historical Society?

#### THE RILEY WILL

"ITEM ELEVEN. We bequeath to the Decatur County Historical Society of Greensburg, Indiana, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00), to be used in the upkeep of said museum. This bequest to be paid to the Decatur County Historical Society of Greensburg, Indiana, at the discretion of the Executor of this will, as we authorize him not to pay said bequest if, in his opinion, it would not be the proper thing to do under all circumstances, since there is some question in the minds of the testators as to the museum being adequately operated."

-Filed Oct. 22, 1953

To date the Society has received \$2,000.00 from this will. For this we are grateful and we especially appreciate the confidence of the Executor in the Society and its officers.



DECATUR COUNTY  
REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS

"To live in the hearts of those  
We leave behind is not to die."

ALLEY, Samuel-----Alley Cemetery, Clay  
Twp. (Near Milford)  
BARNES, Elizah-----  
BENNET, Archibald-----  
BOYER, John-----  
BROWN, Samuel-----Cemetery on Nelson  
Mowery Farm  
BURK, Henry-----Vandebur Cemetery,  
Gaynorsville  
BURTON, Absalom-----  
CASSELL, Ralph-----  
COLLINS, Josiah-----Kingston  
CRAWFORD, James-----Milford  
DeMOSS, John-----On the Milton Byers  
Farm  
DEVORE, Elijah-----  
DIVEN, Harraway-----  
DONNELL, Thomas-----Kingston  
DUGAN, Major J.L.-----Carmel Cemetery  
DUNKAN, Edward-----  
FALCONBURY, Jacob-----  
FOSTER, James-----Springhill  
GILLELAND, John--Small Cemetery on Gilmour  
Farm  
GOSNELL, Benjamin-----  
GRAY, John-----Sandcreek Cemetery  
GULLION, John O.---On the Spillman Farm  
(Near Shiloh)  
HOBBS, James-----  
HOOTEN, Thomas-----Sandcreek Cemetery  
KING, George-----Milford  
KIRBY, Robert---Burke's Chapel, removed to  
Louisville  
LAYTON, William-----  
LEE, Joseph-----Shiloh  
LLOYD, Samuel-----  
LOVEJOY, Samuel-----Downeyville  
MARTIN, Thomas-----Springhill  
McINTOSH, Francis-----  
MEEK, Thomas-----Springhill  
MENEFEE, Spencer-----  
MONTGOMERY, Hugh-----Watts Graveyard on  
Antrobus Farm  
MORRIS, Joseph-----Sandcreek Cemetery  
NEWTON,-----St. Omer  
PARKER, Ichabod-----Sandcreek Cemetery  
PARNELL, Stephen-----  
PEMBERTON, John-----Sandcreek Cemetery  
PILES, Elijah-----  
PRITCHARD, John-----Sandcreek Cemetery  
RICHIE, William-----Milford

ROBBINS, William-----Mt. Pleasant  
SHUTTLE, John-----  
SILVA, George-----Clarksburg  
SNELLING, William-----  
TANNER, Lucius-----Cemetery on Mowery Farm  
WESTON, Levi-----South Park, Greensburg  
WEBB, Theodore-----  
WHEELER,-----Milford  
YARBAUGH,-----

We hasten to correct the list as pub-  
lished in the last issue of the BULLETIN  
-ed.

MEMBERSHIP REPORT TO DATE

February 10, 1962

Total enrollment -----	367
No dues since 1959 -----	33
No dues since 1960 -----	14
Requests to discontinue membership--	3
Deceased -----	6
Out of county members -----	52
Resident members -----	259
Total -----	367

NOT CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE OR TRADE:- Several old elementary  
school geographys. BRYAN STEVENSON  
campaign umbrella in color. Red, white,  
and blue squaw seed corn. Call 3-7773

WANTED:- A copy of "JOHN T. WILDER" bi-  
ography by Samuel C. Williams. Call  
Carnegie Library.

WANTED:- Antique organ in fair condition.  
Donald Minning 3-9671

WILL BUY OR EXCHANGE:-Souvenirs of pres-  
idential campaigns. Also want picture of  
schoolhouse, scene of "THE HOOSIER SCHOOL  
MASTER." Write Bob Montgomery, Conklin  
House, Cambridge City, Indiana

LOST:- Framed roster Co. A-123rd Indiana  
V.I. Reward. Paul O. Jolliff, Sandusky  
Indiana

WILL TRADE:- Ox yoke, also spool cabinet  
as found in a general store, cabinet has  
lift lid. Call 2-8541



## I REMEMBER

(Recollections of a boy's life in a small town during the first 12 years of the 20th Century)

By Lou Porter

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My family were Hoosiers and I was born and reared in GREENSBURG, INDIANA, a small County seat town of approximately 6500 souls. So far as I know, the population has not changed to any appreciable extent. There were four of us, Dad and Mother, brother Bob and myself and we lived in a large, old brick home of twelve rooms, with high ceilings and spacious halls; there was a large back yard, orchard-like with trees of all description and a giant vegetable garden of great dimensions. This back yard afforded us genuine privacy as it was enclosed by a huge, wooden fence over which no one could look. Our house, typical of the period, had rooms of vast extent and area and all of the five bedrooms upstairs carried ample closet space. My Mother did not believe in "shutting" off rooms in cold weather so we lived in every room in the big home all year around. There were gas-heated grates all over the place and the ancient Welsbach burner provided our illumination. Our home was brilliantly alight from early evening till late at night. Built shortly before the War between the States, the structure was as secure as a fortress with walls two feet thick. Of course, this house still stands, people continue to live in it and people will still be living in it two hundred years from now.

One of my earliest recollections is framed in memory of the year 1898 when the Spanish-American War was fought. It was of short duration and not too many casualties but I can still hear my Aunt singing the war song of that period "Just Break The News to Mother;" when the year 1900 arrived, neighbors debated whether this was the final year of the 19th century or the 1st year of the 20th century; One September afternoon in 1901, some neighborhood youngsters along with my brother Bob and I were playing in the back yard when a newsboy came shouting up the street that President McKinley had been shot while attending the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo, New York. News traveled very slowly in those days and word of this tragedy did not reach our town until an "extra" edition of "The Indianapolis News" had arrived by the interurban traction line. There were no buses, trucks, or motor cars and few telephones. It was still the "horse and buggy" era and the livery stable was the news center of the Community. Old men played checkers in the rear of the corner grocery "down town", some played dominoes and cinch while younger boys played parcheesi. Some of us had "Ping Pong" as an indoor sport. There was a soap widely advertised called "Sapolio," a patent medicine "Tanlac" which was supposed to cure most ailments and of course every paper carried an ad about "Lydia E. Pinkham;" Quinine and calomel and castor oil were the standard medications for boys and girls while some of the older generation preferred Bourbon. There was no Juvenile Court in Greensburg in 1901 for we had no serious delinquency. School teachers did not spare the rod (or the 15 inch ruler) and every cloak room in the elementary schools closeted three or four sturdy sticks of hickory that were replaced at frequent intervals. Boys and girls were taught to respect their teachers, their parents and their elders. Older people were still playing Euchre as a social past time and it would be several years before "Whist" or "bridge" would become popular. Youngsters enjoyed everything, both summer and winter. We had the old "Swimmin' Hole" where bathing suits were unknown for boys and girls. It was still the "age of innocence" for us. Directly back of our home was a long, steep hill which afforded bob-sledding all winter; there were a dozen creeks, quarries, and ponds for ice skating; on the fringe of town beyond the corporate limits were dark and foreboding forests where small game such as rabbits, squirrels and foxes could be found in profusion. We also became quite expert catching fish under the ice on cold winter afternoons after school. None of our "city cousins"



ever had as much fun as we enjoyed in those long ago days. During summertime we caught all varieties of fish from the common "cat" and yellow bellied giant sun fish to the small mouth black bass. Most of the time we fished from the bank of the stream but some times we would wade into the water and engage in "fly fishing;" We played base ball, foot ball, lawn tennis, held horse shoe pitching contests, played marbles "for keeps," collected stamps, rode ponies, and almost every kid in town had his own two dollar "Brownie" kodak and a bicycle. We built small oven-brick furnaces in the back yard; these bricks we found in alleys which divided every block in town; in those days it was of real interest to behold what came out of back alleys. Weiners comprised our principal part of these outdoor lunches, supplemented by fresh garden vegetables. No one then had ever heard of Vitamins. Food was very reasonable; weiners were five cents a dozen, eggs ten cents a dozen when we had to buy them which was seldom; bananas five cents a dozen, a large loaf of home made bread was five cents; a quart of milk cost five cents and the man at the Meat Market gave us soup bones and liver. A hair cut cost fifteen cents, men paid ten cents to get shaved, and safety and electric razors were yet unknown. "The Saturday Evening Post" was a nickel and most metropolitan newspapers cost one cent. But bear in mind that while a dollar in those days bought more, there were not nearly so many dollars in circulation as today.

When we had advanced to the 4th grade in School, our interest in books began to expand. I recall "Uncle Remus," "Black Beauty," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Grimm's Fairy Tales," also the folk tales of Hans Christian Andersen, the old McGuffey readers, some of Mark Twain, and at home we had all the books of Horatio Alger. In another year or so boys were devouring a book called "The A.B.C. of Electricity" by one Thomas Edison.

When I was about 6 years old, my Mother asked me to sit down and listen to a story. It was a story published in serial by the "Ladies Home Journal;" I have never forgotten that story, nor have I ever forgotten its author with whom I soon became well acquainted. The story was called "The Bears of Blue River," written by Charles Major who lived in our neighboring town of Shelbyville, Indiana. This book still enjoys wide circulation among the boys and girls of Shelbyville and Shelby County. Mr. Major resided next door to my Uncle, Enos Porter, in Shelbyville. One Sunday afternoon in 1901, Hester Porter, my younger cousin, took me over to the Major home so I could meet my favorite author and story-teller. Mr. Major was a delightful character, warm and friendly with children and his cordial hospitality endeared him to us forever. I might explain that the "Blue River" runs directly through Shelbyville and Shelby County and enters the Ohio river one mile above Leavenworth after a course of nearly one hundred miles. The principal action of this fascinating juvenile story was supposed to have been in a forest country about ten miles outside of Shelbyville, away "back in the twenties (1820) when Indiana was a baby state." And the story concerned a young pioneer boy named Balser Brent and his experience with bears. With child-like curiosity I asked Mr. Major if these bear stories were true and he assured me all the stories were founded on truth. Then to my great delight he took down from his library shelf the completed book and read to us advance chapters of the story so I wouldn't have to wait for future issues of the "Ladies Home Journal" to find out what happened to Balser Brent. The next day he came over to my Uncle's home and presented me with an autographed first edition of "The Bears of Blue River" and I never was happier in my life. Charles Major was a lawyer without too much law practice but he was a devoted student of English history; in 1898 his superb novel "When Knighthood Was In Flower" was published and this book at once became a best seller. It was later dramatized and Julia Marlowe was the star of the stage play just as years later, Marian Davies became the screen star in the same play. Mr. Major was now famous and well to do, but in 1901 I thought his "Bears of Blue River" excelled anything he had ever written. Not many people know that Mr. Major



loaned the manuscript of his first novel to James Whitcomb Riley (before it was published) and it was Mr. Riley who suggested the title given the book. This title or name had much to do with making the book popular and successful. It was still the Victorian age, you remember.

There were many illustrious authors, poets and writers in the Hoosier State in those days. Riley was the most famous of all the poets and never has been surpassed to this date. Then also there was George Ade, who said he had gone to an Engineering school (Purdue) to learn how to write; there was Lew Wallace, of "Ben Hur" fame, Meredith Nicholson, the great Booth Tarkington who was just beginning to arrive; Kin Hubbard better known as "Abe Martin;" the old and respected Edward Eggleston, J.P. Dunn, William Dudley Foulke, Gene Stratton Porter, John T. and George Barr McCutcheon, David Graham Phillips, William Vaughn Moody, Theodore Dreiser, Senator Albert J. Beveridge who later distinguished himself with "The Life of John Marshall" and many, many others. People had time to relax and read books in those times for neither Radio nor TV were yet invented.

Another memorable experience of my early youth and this also happened on a visit to Shelbyville was seeing the famous Wild West Buffalo Bill show. I can still see that parade with Col. Cody himself riding a big white stallion leading what then seemed to me ten thousand Indians. The famous Annie Oakley was with the show whom "Sitting Bull" had named "Little Miss Sure Shot;" and many real characters of the old West and Pony Express days were among the troupers. It has been said that "memory plays strange tricks" so I must admit that I don't recall too much about the afternoon show as I was very young. I never saw Buffalo Bill alive again, however in June of 1917 I visited his grave located just outside Denver on a high mountain peak. No monument had yet been erected as he had just been buried a week. The old trailblazer had requested to be buried on this high, lonely mountain so much in keeping with his great, wild career.

Everyone loves a Circus and our little town was exception. Around five o'clock of the morning when the Circus arrived in town, most of the townspeople gathered at the West end Railroad yards to watch the Circus pull into town and unload. The Circus in the early days of which I speak, traveled in their own special trains. Some of the more ingenious boys would get temporary employment with the Circus by supplying water for the elephants. Elephants with a show like Ringling Bros. were well trained and did many chores to expedite the early daylight unloading. Then we would hurry out to the Fairgrounds to see how expertly and quickly the huge tents were put up; but most of all we were watching the wild animal cages, the elephants, horses and circus people themselves. It was a notable occasion and long to be remembered. The morning parade through the main section of town took place about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. This was likewise a noteworthy event and just before the calliope at the very end of the parade, the elephants came jolting along. I can still hear the parade barker shouting through a megaphone to the farmers who had driven to town, "hold your horses, the elephants are coming." No one missed the big tent show in the afternoon and everyone went home filled with peanuts, cracker jack and pink lemonade. The Circus had been to town.

When writing from memory of days far away and long ago, it is often difficult to keep things in chronological order but I shall do my best. My maternal granddaddy, Mr. Zoller was a staunch Democrat. He admired the young William Jennings Bryan, famous for his 1896 "Cross of Gold" speech. My paternal ancestors all were Republicans and thought a Democrat was some sort of a varmint. To me, in 1900, it didn't make the least difference for I worshipped my Grand-daddy Zoller. Even in our small town, torch light parades were held with bugle and drum corps and in 1900 Mr. Zoller engaged me to accompany him in some of these evening parades. It was all staged in the grand manner and ended in some public auditorium



where the leading orator of the Party would deliver the main address, eulogizing Mr. Bryan and all candidates on the Democratic ticket. I can clearly recall wearing a large BRYAN campaign button while walking in the parade and Mr. Zoller had "bribed" me to howl and exclaim at certain intervals:-

"Hurrah for BRYAN,  
He's our man,  
McKinley's in the  
Oyster Can."

My Porter relatives were shocked and looked with contempt upon my behavior even though they realized I was being "touted" by my Grandfather Zoller. Of course McKinley won the election and in those days the election returns were flashed on a large canvas screen in the center of town area, usually the Public Square. Even in 1916 after I had moved to Cincinnati, election returns were brought to the Public in much the same manner. Everyone thought Charles Evans Hughes had been elected President on that Election Night but when results from the far west had been counted, Woodrow Wilson was still our President. Radio had not made its debut as yet.

A great friend of mine, although much older, was Gov. Will Cumback who lived directly across the street from us. He had formerly been Lieutenant Governor of Indiana, had many friends over the State, and back in 1861 had introduced President Lincoln to the people of Greensburg. Gov. Cumback, as everyone called him, was a splendid orator, extremely witty and did not understand the meaning of fear. Even in his advanced years, his appearance on the rostrum was stately and majestic. He spoke in a loud bell ringing tone, captured and held the attention of his hearers and no one ever went to sleep while Cumback was making a speech. A grand old gentleman indeed. I was visiting with him the evening when news came of the death of Queen Victoria. He told me all about her, how she had been Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland since 1837, exactly 64 years. He would have been a wonderful Professor of History in any University.

The years of 1903-04 are both memorable years to me because of what was happening in Detroit and St. Louis, Mo. In Detroit Mr. Henry Ford was organizing his famous Motor Company on small capital. Until he succeeded in raising the necessary cash, anyone could have invested in this yearling company. The memory still lingers about Mr. Ford. Mr. Zoller, of whom I have spoken, was entertaining a distinguished gentleman from Detroit one evening. He had a large home, a baronial dining room that would accommodate 35 to 40 guests and his chief delight in life was entertaining big dinner parties, especially with his own family. At that time and until his death in 1913, Mr. Zoller was President of the Third National Bank in Greensburg. It was a prosperous little bank, conservative and well managed. His guest from Detroit was not a stock promoter but sold investment securities, such as municipal and school bonds. But in passing, as if by observation, he did say "Mr. Zoller, I believe that if anyone could purchase some of that new stock in FORD, it would prove in a few years to be a gold mine." The family talked about what the man had said following his departure but any enthusiasm created by his remarks was silenced when my Grand father remarked "nothing will ever beat the horse;" there was about five thousand dollars investment money around that dinner table the evening before which went into 4½ percent municipal bonds the next day. To be sure no one then present understood gasoline engines or motor cars. Had they been acquainted with Detroit men like John Dodge, Alex Malcolson, James Couzens, J.W. Anderson or Mr. Ford himself, I know they would have felt differently. The story is told that a sister of Mr. Couzens, Miss Rosetta V. Couzens invested one hundred dollars in the original Ford Stock and this one hundred dollars eventually returned to her \$355,000.00; and there were no income taxes in those days.



The year 1904 will always remain bright in memory for that was the year of the St. Louis World's Fair. One bright October morning, my Dad, Mother, brother Bob and I boarded a New York Central train (then called the Big Four Railroad) and arrived in St. Louis about sun-down. Up to that time, I had never seen such a huge City. Our first view of the Mississippi river was breath-taking. My brother exclaimed "no wonder De Soto called it the father of waters" and I said it ought to be called "the Mother of waters too" because it was named "Miss-iss-ippi;" We stayed at a new hotel built earlier in the year by a fellow named Statler called the "Innside Inn;" we were right inside the big grounds where the Fair was in progress. I think it was "Forest Park" but am not sure. I know I couldn't sleep all night because of the day's excitement. All of us were up early the next morning, having "batter cakes" in the big dining room down stairs, and anxious to get onto the Midway or "Pike", the main thoroughfare, visit the Exhibits, see our own State Building, but most of all Bob and I wanted to see some of the shows. "The Beer War" was a very spectacular and thrilling event; "the Galveston Flood" was educational, Chief Hale's Fire Fighters from Kansas City, Mo. left a lasting impression, but uppermost in memory was Karl Hagenback's great Wild Animal Show. We spent ten glorious days and nights at this Fair and lived it again for years afterwards. Only one attraction I missed was a ride on that sky-high ferris wheel. This same Ferris Wheel had been at the Chicago World's Fair back in 1893 but my parents vetoed my idea of boarding it. And when my Dad said "No," -it meant NO. There was no appeal.

Our town's Courthouse, located in the center of the business section, called the Public Square, has had a maple tree growing atop the clock tower ever since I can remember; sometimes Greensburg is called the "Tree City;" Just how this maple tree ever started to grow in such a strange environment remains a mystery to this day. There have been several trees on the tower and the first tree took root there over 65 years ago. I am told the present tree is of the fourth generation. Old folks back around the McKinley era surmised that a bird had planted a seed between the stone blocks and the seed, being fertile, yielded forth a tree. Whether this be true or not, I do not really know. The present tree is 15 years old.

As I look back it is hard to believe that women of the earlier years of this century ever were able to bear up under the attire characteristic of those times. It was the age of Petticoats, corsets and bustles, high button shoes, long black stockings and long hair. The ladies of 1900 placed no accent on sex. And this mode of dress continued for many ears, almost in fact until 1917, the year of World War One. To my way of thinking, the American girl of today is better dressed, has more style, more appeal and more class than at any time in history. Glamor was unknown in the McKinley era and women did the toilsome chores of housework in the hardest possible way. Hired girls were a luxury that only a few families could afford for their average wages came to three dollars a week. Mothers and grand mothers grew prematurely old and if you are in doubt about this, take a "look" at the grand mothers of today and then glance at the photograph of the grand mother of 1901-2-3-4 etc. Had a young lady of those days dared to use "make-up" such as lip-stick and rouge, she would have created gossip of an unsavory flavor. But the girls and older women at that time for the most part did have beauty of character, nobility of purpose and they knew how to keep house, cook, sew and rear families. They didn't smoke, drink at cocktail bars or repeat vulgar stories. Old fashioned, yes, but fine, decent women of a generation that has now gone. Girls learned at home from their own mothers all the essentials of home making, for the schools had no home economic courses or tutorage in domestic science. In all reality, the first twelve years of this century differed little from the last fifty years of the 19th century.



When I was a boy, a trip to Indianapolis was always a big event. While still young, I developed a keen interest and liking for the theatre whether it was a tent show or staged in some fine Opera House. On one of my first visits to the State Capitol, I saw Lew Dockstader's Minstrels. Over the years I have seen many a minstrel performance but never one to compare with the Lew Dockstader show. His was the greatest in my time. My brother and I were taken to the old English theatre located on the Circle at Indianapolis to enjoy stage presentations of Robert Mantell in Shakespearian roles, Sothorn and Marlowe, William Faversham, Olga Nethersole, Otis Skinner and many others. But at home in Greensburg we enjoyed equally as much the traveling stock companies which presented a different play every night of the week. Admission to these productions was ten, twenty and thirty cents. I saw nearly all that came to town at the old K of P Opera House because the Editor of our leading newspaper supplied me with "passes." Of course "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a favorite, however there were other productions such as "East Lynn," "The Bells," "Way Down East," "The Little Church Around the Corner," "The Lion and the Mouse," "Tom Thumb," "The Two Orphans," "Sis Hopkins," and no one in town missed "Sousa's Band;" Today most of these dramatic presentations would be considered "corny" but 50 years ago they were the top hits. During this era, the Chautauqua craze hit Greensburg. Usually the Chautauqua lasted one whole week and was produced in some wooded grove in the corporate limits of the town. There was an improvised platform up front and enough benches and chairs to seat five hundred persons who made up the audience. The Program Committee brought some extraordinary talent and among the outstanding orators was William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Bryan was strictly a "money" speaker and even in those days had to have a guarantee of Five hundred dollars for his afternoon discourse. He was a brilliant speaker in his day but could not compare with men like Jim Watson of Rushville, Ind. who later went on to become our U.S. Senator. In fact Jim Watson was the finest orator I ever heard. He was a "natural" and could speak on any subject at any time. He never read a speech and his eloquence captured and held your attention. When I was much older I entertained the late Clarence Darrow in Cincinnati after he had spoken to a local luncheon Club of which I then was President but even Mr. Darrow did not top Jim Watson. Darrow was a Court Room lawyer, logical, convincing and sincere; he scarcely ever raised his voice but he was extremely effective and absolutely fearless. I have never seen his equal in a Court Room. When I met him in 1927 he did not drink a drop of liquor but he was opposed to any law which prohibited anyone else from having a "drink;" Another speaker of no mean calibre on the political forum was "Uncle" Joe Cannon of Illinois. He was Speaker of the House in the U.S. Congress back in 1904 and even though of advanced age, he was a fighter to the end.

I am getting a little ahead of events but in 1912, I was a page boy at the Republican National Convention in Chicago. Jim Watson was there and all the big wigs of the Party. This was the Convention that nominated Wm. Howard Taft for his second term but when Teddy Roosevelt bolted the Convention, he took enough henchmen with him to form the "Bull Moose" Party and as a result Gov. Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey was elected President of the United States. I recall meeting a man from Pennsylvania at that Convention named Boies Penrose. He was of the old school of political bosses and how he loved politics and life. Mr. Bryan was no sluggard as a gourmand but compared to Boies Penrose he was a rank amateur. Mr. Penrose enjoyed both food and drink in great abundance; he was a large, bulky man and he understood politics better than any of the delegates at the Convention. He knew every important man in the Country, the politicians and the non-politicians. It was educational to watch him work and to see how he achieved every objective. We don't have men of his type today--whether this be for good or bad I am not prepared to say.

One institution that flourished in those earlier days and whose "swan song" was sung Dec. 16th, 1920, when the 18th Amendment went into effect, was the old



fashioned Saloon. Now I am not talking about the hoodlum bars around the river in river towns but of the up town well managed, mahogany bars that closed at 12 o'clock midnight and catered only to men. A book could be written about the "Free lunches" of that era and the very excellent beer, the fine service and prices charged, and the patrons served. There were about seven "emporiums" in Greensburg in 1905-6-7 and a high ball made with bonded whiskey cost one dime; beer served in a twelve ounce Pilsener stem glass was five cents; in larger cities, especially cities of Germanic background like Cincinnati, the beer gardens catered to the best people and a man could safely take his wife and children to such a garden and be just as secure as at home. There was no disorder and no unsavory characters were permitted to frequent these gardens. After Prohibition came, all this ended and it was the end of an era and an institution never to return. For 13 years, the home brew joints, the speakeasy and hijackers took over. Bath tub gin became popular, boot leg whiskey made in some basement down the street and worst of all mob control, creating violence in the big Night Clubs that sprang up all over the land. Gangsters and Gangland controlled the business and not the U.S. Government. We will never see the old German Beer Gardens again nor the free lunches. And there are those who call it "progress."

Everyone knows how the Grand Army of the Republic started and what a power it was in politics during the years directly after the Civil War. Of course Indiana was a Union State and kids in Public Schools, which I attended, were taught that only Rebels lived down South. As we grew older we discovered that the South had many brave and patriotic men and women, of fine character, such as Gen'l. Robt. E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, Gen'l. Longstreet, General Beauregard and Jeb Stuart. Even old Jefferson Davis himself believed in his cause just as much as the Union men of the North believed in their cause. I do not mean to discredit Mr. Lincoln whom I have always regarded as an immortal, nor any of the brave men who fought to save the Union. It was a war that never should have happened. The G.A.R. veterans during the early years of the century who lived in Greensburg always had a parade from the Public Square out to the cemetery on May 30th. A committee asked me one day if I would organize a drum corps to lead their parade on Memorial Day. This was an easy thing to do as most of my young friends had drums and we got a big thrill leading a parade of such distinguished veterans. We would sometimes "beat" too fast a march and had to be "slowed down" for naturally these old soldiers could not step as fast as we could. From the center of the Public Square we would march to the South Park Cemetery, where it is still located and an appropriate ritual was there performed by the living for the dead. Flag decked graves still dominate the old cemetery although the G.A.R. boys are all gone. The brave men who died in 1917-18 and in the 2nd World War and at Korea are resting in this same place where we as youngsters beat drums for the "boys in blue."

It seemed that time was running ahead of us. Here it was 1908 and the old swimmin' hole was no more; it wasn't safe to ride our bicycles as we used to do for the town was becoming flooded with those "horseless" carriages, especially that Model T made by Mr. Ford and we remembered what Grand-daddy Zoller had said a few years before, "Nothing will ever beat the horse;" the old dirt and gravel roads were disappearing and new concrete highways being built; in another year or two the livery stable which always smelled so good to me, would be torn down for a filling station. You couldn't exactly describe it but everyone and everything was gaining in acceleration; a dollar wouldn't buy quite as much as it used to buy; and then suddenly and before I realized it, it was High School graduation day in 1911; I was at Ann Arbor attending the University of Michigan when early in 1912 my father passed away quite suddenly. I knew then that childhood days were over. My world would change and soon the entire world would change. In two short years all of Europe would burst into flames, the start of World War One. But life must go on and I went on with it. The only thing today when I occasionally go back to my home town that looks familiar is that maple tree still growing



on the Court House Tower. Nothing else is the same. Old landmarks have disappeared, new school buildings have arisen, no one knows me and I know no one. My friends of former years are either dead or have moved away.

It was a grand and glorious era in which to have been born and reared however and a wonderful little town for boys and girls to have lived and grown into teen-agers. But as O.O. McIntyre once said "You should never go back to your home town after having been away from it for over 20 years." He was SO RIGHT.

#### THE LAST MEETING

The annual dinner meeting held in December was successful with some one hundred seventy members and guests attending. To repeat Col. Howard H. Bates of Indianapolis, spoke on THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION in his usual inimitable style. All of the officers were reelected.

Cuttings of boxwood used in the table decorations, this from the original Mt. Vernon planting, were much sought for by the dinner guests, and we will not be surprised to find in the years to come boxwood growing all over Decatur county as a result of this fine meeting.

#### THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1962

President-----Paul H. Huber  
1st. Vice-President-----Walter B. Lowe  
2nd. Vice-President-----Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Corresponding Secy.-----Mrs. Chas. Loucks  
131 W. Central Ave.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Recording Secy.-----Miss Helen K. Bussell  
711 N. East St.  
Greensburg, Indiana

Treasurer-----William Parker

#### GAELIC BLESSING

"May the roads rise with you,  
And the wind be always at your back;  
And may the Lord hold you in the  
hollow of His hand."

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
OF DECATUR COUNTY  
GREENSBURG, INDIANA

159 Mr. Orville Pitts  
R. R. 1  
Greensburg, Indiana





THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Volume 1 - No. 14

Greensburg, Indiana

June 14, 1962

THE LAST MEETING

Mr. Ivan L. Bailey, spoke on his favorite subject--THE AMERICAN INDIAN. Long slated for discussion, his topic was one that his audience looked forward to with a great deal of anticipation. The sixty or more attending was evidence enough of this interest. Mr. Bailey's listeners were well repaid for their close attention to his masterful presentation of the subject at hand--the daily life, habits and customs of the first American.

Mr. Grant Henderson gave a paper on the subject--this having to do with the life of Killbuck, a notorious Delaware who lived in comparatively late times. Always the student, Mr. Henderson too was the master of his subject. Mr. Walter Weinland, a guest from Hope, Indiana, spoke along similar lines and displayed artifacts from his collection, which was removed from a mound on Clifty (this county) many years ago. Permit us to say that the meeting was very successful, thanks to these three men.

OCCASION: Summer meeting  
PROGRAM: Important business  
and a short movie  
TIME: 8:00 P.M. Greensburg time  
PLACE: Y.M.C.A. basement. Park  
in adjoining parking lot.  
DATE: Thursday, June 28, 1962

The movie--THE BEST MAN-- has been previewed and is recommended. It presents past political campaigns in an entertaining fashion and is non-controversial in character. Garry Moore m-c's the film. To carry out the theme of the program, members are requested to bring their old campaign buttons and badges for display.

The most important item of business will be to discuss the matter of incorporating the Society as a nonprofit organization. Plans will also be formulated for the fall field trip, which has always been one of the high lights of the year. The officers are especially urged to attend this meeting.

BRING AS MANY GUESTS AS YOU WISH!  
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED

Post card views of four points of historical interest in Decatur County are now on sale in all Greensburg drug stores. The cards carry a short description of the particular scenes with derive no profit from their sale. Our local merchants are to be commended for their cooperation in the matter and the photographer is to be especially commended for his fine art work. If their sale warrants, more views will be added to the series.

COMING EVENTS

THIRD ANNUAL HOOSIER FESTIVAL  
CLIFTY FALLS STATE PARK  
AUGUST 12-16  
ROBERT MONTGOMERY, DIRECTOR

MECHANICSBURG SCHOOL REUNION  
NEW POINT SCHOOL  
SEPTEMBER 16TH

FALL FIELD TRIP\*\*DECATUR CO.  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
SEPTEMBER



## EARLY BASEBALL TEAMS

### ALLIE'S TRAMPS

W. Waters, 2b  
A. Amrhein, 1b, mgr.  
F. Nieman, ss  
C. Burkhart, c  
C. Springmeyer, lf  
E. Swango, rf  
G. Cole, 3b  
J. Menkhaus, cf  
E. Ziegler, p

The score-book has it that this aggregation defeated Napoleon, May 21, 1922 by a score of 3-1 on their home grounds at Mechanicsburg. Abplanup pitched for Napoleon with Elmer Ziegler doing the honors for the hosts. The umpire was Will Moulton and Ed Ziegler was the official scorekeeper. There was joy in Mechanicsburg that night, for the home team had won a ball game!!

### MEMBERSHIP

Open to everyone having an interest in history and his heritage. The annual dues are \$1.00 each, payable in advance. The fiscal year ends Dec. 31. Please direct all applications and renewals to the Recording Secretary.

### THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1962

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Greensburg, Indiana  
Treasurer. . . . . William Parker

April 12, 1887-Drillers struck gas at a depth of 600 feet at Greensburg And the state geologist said indications were favorable for plentiful production. The gas was lighted and it shot a flame 40 feet high in the air which burned steadily.

Dear Readers:

John Paul was born in Scotland. We read: "The sea! That was what young Paul wanted from the first, as his road to distinction." -and to sea he went--an apprentice on a packet sloop--when he was just thirteen. At twenty-one he was master of a merchant vessel in the West Indies trade. On December 7, 1775 John Paul Jones Esq. was commissioned first lieutenant in the Continental Navy, and so indicated his devotion to the principle of Liberty. Jones? Yes, after an unfortunate brawl aboard his ship, John Paul had assumed the patronymic Jones.

And John Paul Jones is the title of a recently published Biography, carrying the sub-title A SAILOR'S BIOGRAPHY to which we might add: written by a sailor--for the author is Rear Admiral Samuel E. Morison U.S.N.R., Professor Emeritus of American History at Harvard, and his writings are, as the publisher notes: "distinguished by both seamanship and scholarship."

The fighting, tough, skillful John Paul Jones lives again in the pages of this book which is recommended to you by your:

Cousin Book-Worm

### RECENTLY ACQUIRED

#### A CENTURY OF CATHOLICITY IN MILLHOUSEN, INDIANA 1834-1934

Written by the Rev. C. E. Riebenthaler on the occasion of their centennial, this is an excellent account of the ecclesiastical as well as the lay history of the community. It is interesting to note that Father Riebenthaler continues to serve this parish after these 28 years, or more.

A series of pictures of buildings around the Square, some of the vintage of the nineties, is a welcome addition to the growing collections of the Society. Mrs. D. A. Batterton was the donor.



## WELCOME! NEW MEMBERS

Mr. Gilbert T. Richey - Indianapolis  
Mrs. Gilbert T. Richey - Indianapolis  
Dr. D. D. Dickson  
Mr. Nino Dickson  
Miss Julia Huber  
Mr. William B. Baumgartner  
Mr. William B. Baumgartner  
Dr. R. R. Powell - Indianapolis  
Miss Charlotte Huber - Indianapolis  
Mr. Andrew Moore  
Mrs. Hayes Buskirk - Bloomington  
Mr. George Greer  
Mrs. George Greer  
Mr. Anthony Moorman  
Mrs. Glenn A. Howard - Indianapolis  
Mrs. Don O. Mohr - Ponca, Nebraska  
Mr. Wilbur W. Ford  
Mrs. Wilbur W. Ford

Mr. Richey, a Greensburg Boy, is an architect in Indpls. Mrs. Richey is the former Sarah Craig. Dr. Powell a native of Milan practised dentistry here before locating in Indpls. Miss Charlotte Huber, late of Indpls. now lives in Port Charlotte, Florida. Mrs. Hayes Buskirk is the former Ruth White of Greensburg. Mrs. Glenn A. Howard we recognize as Flora Link formerly of the county clerk's office. Mrs. Don O. Mohr formerly Lura Burgess came from the Letts Community-we guess.

### THE BATTLE AT PORT REPUBLIC

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#### THE MOST BRILLIANT ACTION OF THE WAR

\*\*\*\*

Our Brave Western Men Fight Five Hours  
Against Five Times Their Number

\*\*\*\*

#### THE SEVENTH INDIANA CHARGE AND DRIVE THE ENEMY LIKE SHEEP.

\*\*\*\*

List of the Killed and Wounded

\*\*\*\*

Front Rayal, June 15, 1862

The results of the battle of Port Republic on Monday last, between a portion of Shield's division and Jackson's army, are now ascertained, as near as can be. The names already given are known to be among the killed and wound-

Con't

ed, although many classed among the missing are no doubt badly injured; but our troops being compelled to retire before a foe so superior in numbers, and in all other respects except bravery, many were necessarily left on the field whose names could not be ascertained. Of the large number classed as missing, many will doubtless find their way back to their regiments. The force engaged was mostly composed of Western men, who did their noble duty, as is evidenced by their fighting a foe more than five times their number for five hours, and then retreating in order, excepting one or two regiments, which were completely surrounded and compelled to take to the mountains, many of whom made their way back to division.

The 7th Indiana Regiment did noble duty, holding their position on the right for four hours against a vastly superior force. Col. Gavin repeatedly charging and driving the enemy like sheep. They left Fredericksburg 800 strong, and arrived at Port Republic with only 300, the remainder being left along the route, sick and disabled, and after the fight they mastered about 140, losing more than half their forces.

The 29th and 66th Ohio Regiments also lost heavily, as may be seen by the list of casualties. The three batteries of artillery, Clark's, Robinson's and Huntington's, are entitled to great praise for the gallant part they took in the action.

Had the 1st and 2nd brigades been enabled to reach the scene of action, and entirely different result would doubtlessly have ensued.

After Monday's fight it is understood Jackson took the road toward Stanardsville, passing through the Gap of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in a line for Gordonsville, at which point is railroad communication with Richmond.

LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED AT  
THE BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC WASHINGTON.

June 14, 1862

Con't.



The following is a list of the killed and wounded at the battle of Port Republic, as far as ascertained:

Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania Regt.  
1 Killed, 2 wounded, and 30 missing.  
Names omitted here.

One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania Regt. 1 Killed, 4 wounded, 23 missing. Names not ascertained.

Seventh Indiana Regt. 300 strong.  
Killed: A. J. Hawley, H. F. Swan,  
Sergeant A. Harden, Capt. Jacob Shirk,  
Jacob Michael, Capt. Sol. Waterman,  
Isaac M. Houston, Wm. Luke, A. Montgomery.  
Wounded: Lieut. Geo. C. Watson, seriously, Sergt. Wm. Wheeler, slightly, Sergt. James C. Stewart, severely, Wm. Armstrong, seriously, Andy H. Smith, slightly, Corp. James Davis, slightly, Capt. W. C. Bonta, slightly, Sergt. Straugh, slightly, James Welston, slightly, Corp. Hussey, slightly, C. Franklin, seriously, R. R. Myrick, seriously, Wilson Job, slightly, David White, severely, Silas Davidson, severely, Wm. Franklin, severely, A. J. Peck, severely, O.S. Richmond, severely, Wm. Biernan, slightly, C. W. Stirling, slightly, J. M. Finkin, slightly, J. Williams, seriously, H. H. McCough, slightly, Capt. Welsh, slightly, Sergt. David M. Smith, severely, John McClain, mortally, Ed Rouse, slightly, Isaac Schaffer, severely, John Woodbester, severely, Louis Striker, do, Dyer Moore, slightly, Sergt. J. M. Hooser, slightly, George Miller, severely, B. L. McFarland, slightly, Capt. Ira Grover, slightly, Sergt. G. P. Clayton, slightly, G. Shoemaker, slightly, Wm. M. Hamilton, severely, A. J. Merrick, slightly, S. F. Younk, slightly, N. H. Potter, slightly, Corp. L. P. Gaw, severely, R. Ditmus, severely, Samuel Gassett, severely, J. H. Bisher, severely, J. Rourke, slightly, J. H. Goff, slightly, J. Bond, slightly, Serg. Winscote, slightly, Sidney Adams, slightly, E. Miles, slightly, Sergeant J. B. Williams, seriously, Corp. M.C. Walker, Seriously, John Hodges, slightly, N. Allen severely, S. T. Carpenter, severely, John Collins severely,  
Con't.

John Conead, slightly, R. D. Grace, seriously, E. Hall, slightly, Wm. Hare, severely, J. Halcroft, slightly, Wm. Lambert, slightly, H. C. Lemon, mortally, R. B. Lewis, severely, M. X. Lingwood, slightly, Wm. Monroe, slightly, J. Graham, slightly, L. H. Morgan slightly, C. Reynolds, slightly, J. Richardson, slightly, N. J. Lund, severely, Geo. Brickler, slightly, John Myers, slightly, Co. Montague, slightly, J. N. Opel, slightly, B. G. Boyce, slightly, J. W. Hart, slightly, Lieut. E. D. Bryant, slightly, Serg. E. F. Hunt, severely, J. N. Holtscaw, slightly, Thos. Grant, slightly, Wm. Stricklin, slightly, T. J. Hellan, slightly, W. M. Hess, slightly, J. M. Leake, slightly, Sergt. Jacob Varnen, seriously, H. T. James, slightly, E. Mark, slightly, Wm. Rosking, seriously, J. Tracey, severely, J. Gateby, severely, J. Smith, severely, W. M. Campbell, severely, A. J. Canby, Severely,

Sixth-Sixth Ohio Regt.  
17 Killed, 59 wounded, 107 missing.  
Names omitted here.

Twelfth Ohio Regt.  
4 Killed, 56 wounded, 174 missing.  
Names omitted here.

Seventh Ohio Regt.  
11 Killed, 59 wounded, 10 missing.  
Names omitted here.

Twenty-Ninth Ohio Regt.  
17 Killed, 39 wounded, 138 missing.  
Names omitted here.

Battery H.--1st Ohio  
2 Killed, 5 wounded, 3 missing.  
Lost 2 guns. Names omitted here.

Battery L.--1st Ohio  
1 Killed, 4 wounded, 5 missing.  
Names omitted here.

The number of men engaged was about 350, of whom 9 were killed, 9 mortally wounded, 123 wounded, 30 missing, and 2 prisoners.

Sam Cochran remained at his gun and fired it alone three times,  
Con't.



making great havoc among the enemy, and then, knocking down a Rebel with a stone, he made his escape.

The foregoing list of killed and wounded is compiled from official and other sources, and is as near correct as can be obtained for the present.

EDITORS NOTE: This casualty list is from the NEW YORK DAILY TRIBUNE dated Monday June 16, 1862. Decatur County had three companies in the SEVENTH-D, E, and G. The Battle of Port Republic was their baptism in the Civil War. The names underscored are those known or thought to have been from Decatur County. The regimental history lists the following as casualties which are not mentioned in the TRIBUNE: Pilgrim Cox, wounded; James Kelley, Killed; John McCain, wounded mortally; Joab Shirk Killed; George W. Michael, killed; Allen G. Bates, wounded; Sydney D. Griswold, wounded mortally; Charles Jones, wounded. Port Republic is now a ghost town in the Shenandoah Valley located 12-15 miles South of Harrisonburg, Va. A tablet on the battle field states that the Confederate Army took 500 prisoners here, the Editors grandfather among them. He was a member of the 5th. Ohio which fought the rear guard action.

#### A TREE

The City of Greensburg and Decatur County has a tree, but unlike all other trees, this particular tree grown not from the ground, but from atop the count-house tower some 110 feet in the air. A photograph of the tower taken in 1860 on completion of the structure, reveals no trees on the tower, evidence in itself that a tree was not planted there. History has it, that the first tree appeared about 1870. Since that time there have been any number of trees on the tower, as many as 8 at a time. Presently there is only one, this on the Southwest ridge of the tower. The tree appears to be about 10 feet high, as compared to the dial of the clock, which is 7 feet 4 inches in diameter. The species has been identified by the Smithsonian Con't.

Institute as a large toothed aspen, or in the Latin-POPULUS GRANDIDENTATA. Botanists tell us, that the habitat of this aspen, is in the limestone country and true to form, our tree has its roots imbedded between innemse stone blocks, that constitute the roof of the tower. However, there are no trees like it to be found elsewhere in this county, and the county does abound in limestone. A previous tree, or perhaps a brance of the tree removed from the tower some years ago, measures 4 1/3 inches in diameter. The present tree has prospered this summer due to the frequent rains, and even with the advent of drier weather, continues to thrive and wave its branches ever so majestically and so everlasting, like the monarch that it is - of all it surveys. The tree has been photographed many times, every day in fact and vistas are maintained for that reason. It has been the subject of songs, to say nothing of the verse written about it. The tree has looked down on such notables as Wm. Jennings Bryan, Robert G. Ingersoll, Gen. Benj. Harrison, Gen. John A. Logan, Gov. Oliver P. Morton, our own Gen. John T. Wilder, Lieut. Gov. Will Cumback and the late Admiral Wm. Lawrence Erdmann, a former Greensburg boy. Mr. Smiley Fowler, our poet-laureate has written, somewhat a jest, the following:

On the roof of our tower, two trees  
Seem to thrive in the dust laden  
Breeze,  
But when the storm blows  
The Lord only knows  
How they cling with such nonchalant  
Ease.



## EDITORS NOTE

We are indebted to Carroll Pleak for the following article. We are especially interested to learn that George Donner of the ill-fated Donner Party once lived near Kingston. Can this be further documented:

The INDPLS. NEWS in reply to a question some time ago gave the following. (quote).

QUESTION: What was the Donner Party?

ANSWER: The Donner party was a westbound group of settlers under George Donner which suffered disaster in the Sierra-Nevada in the winter of 1846-47. Caught by snow in early November, the party of 87 (of whom 39 were children, 17 of them under six) was forced to make camp just within the California border. A few succeeded to breaking through on foot, but the first of four relief parties from Sutter's Fort did not reach the camp until February 22. There were only 47 survivors, the last not brought out until April 22, 1847.

### PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

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Personal Sketches Of Decatur's Pioneer Fathers

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The Men Of 1819-'20.

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First Grist Mills In County--Shelhorn, Jewitt, Paul, House.

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White the sheets of THE STANDARD of last week were yet damp for the press I had the good fortune to find, in an old issue of this paper, (September 21, 1872) a paper prepared by Hon. William J. Robinson and read before the Decatur County Old Settlers' Association on September 12th of that year, on the Early History of Adams Township, to which I am indebted for further and more definite information as to its first settlement. There were five families squatted within the present bounds of that township as early as the spring of 1820, the Gullions, before mentioned, the Tanners, the Iseleys, the Zeiglers, and the Heaton. Located as follows:

Philip Isely, in November 1819, on what is now the Ira D. Jewett farm, north of St. Omer.

Henry Gullion of Clifty, part of the Newson Hamilton farm, now the property of John H. Brown.

Peter Zeigler in the spring of 1820, on the well known Adkins-Pleak farm, and the exact site of Jos. A. Wynn's palatial home.

Abraham Heaton in the spring of 1820, now owned by T. P. Watson.

Edward Tanner in the spring of 1820, on the "school section", now part of the possessions of the Nelson Jewett heirs.

There is a tradition that John Gullion, perhaps a brother or son of Henry, (I find the name in Mr. Robinson's sketch) had reconiterd the Flatrock region as early as 1818, and made a small "clearing" somewhere thereabout, but find no other mention of him. The tow names were, possibly, applied to the same person. This, however, is now "a matter of no consequence," as Dickens would have Mr. Toots say.

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Whether there any additions to either of the two settlements I have been treating of during of during the summer of 1820, and previous to the lands being put in the market, is matter of uncertainty at this day, though tradition says a few families were added to that in Fugit early that fall--among them Dr. Nathan Lewis (he wasn't a "docter" then, how-



ever,) and his father-in-law, --Sebly, and James Wise, the latter of whom settled on land now partly covered by Clarksburg.

The first death that occurred in the county, it is believed, was in the Wise family, soon after it came, and was a most sorrowful affair. Two of their sons, mere lads, wandered off and were lost in the all-pervading woods. Search was made, all the neighborhood turning out, but it was not until several days had elapsed that they were found by one Joseph Weston, and then one of them dead, having perished from cold and exposure--and the other in a very enfeebled condition.

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At the first of that October there were certainly eleven, perhaps fourteen families living within the limits of the county, and as nearly all of these were but recently married parties, the entire population could hardly have exceeded fifty or sixty. The emigration soon rapidly began, and by the opening of spring there was estimated to be a hundred and fifty, and a year later, when the organization of the County was effected, three hundred and fifty families, and a total population of twelve to fourteen hundred.

Who was the first comer after the land sales? is a question very difficult to answer, there being scarcely any communication between the different neighborhoods, and the one did not know what was being done in the others. The better opinion is that honors are about equal between Josua Cobb, John Shelhorn and David Jewitt, all of whom had occupied their new homes before the end of the year. Following closely after them were Jonathan Paul, on the present site of Saint Paul; James Saunders, on that of Clarksburg; Seth Lowe at and William Custer and George Donner one half-mile south of Kingson; Thomas Hendricks on the site, and John House a half-mile south, of this city; and John Bryson, the Rankins, Hendersons, Martins, and others about and around Springhill.

In 1825 Donner sold his "eighty" to Lowe, and emigrated to the still farther "Far West"--Missouri, I have been advised; and, on the breaking out of the California gold fever, in 1849, cut loose from the land of the "Pukes" and pulled out for the then Modern Ophir. The next, and last, that was known of the Donner family was finding of their mutilated remains, by the next following emigrant party, in the Salt Lake Valley, on the California Trail. The Gentiles charged the crime upon the Mormons; they upon Indians; and poor Lo--well, he was not interviewed on the subject!

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### PERSONAL SKETCHES

John Shelhorn and the Kimballs were natives of New Jersey, were brothers-in-law, and made their entries about the same time Shelhorn had previously brought his family to the neighborhood of Broodville, and was there awaiting the opening of the Land-office--meanwhile quietly prospecting the 'New purchase. He evidently had an eye open to the future, his first entry, (the first made in the County,) being the "quarter" on which is the junction of Big and Little Flatrocks--land with good natural drainage, and several at that time valuable mill-sites on it.

Personally, I did not know, and do not remember to have ever seen Mr. Shelhorn; he passed away from this world's scene of action while yet in Manhood's early prime--perhaps before my day, but his works remained. The Mill and the mill-pond were there, supplying food to the hungry, and 'we' boys--William Moore, Daniel Stewart, John Fowler, etc. fished and swam in the pond later--oh, so long ago! The town of Rockville, laid out by him 1821, preceded, or soon followed its founder to the Land of shadows. Of all the things he prided himself upon, only the nearly six hundred acres of the then most desirable lands in the neighborhood, entered by him in 1820-21, remain.



The name Rockville does not, never did, appear upon the maps of the County. It was located on the ridge between Little and Big Flat, and the dream of its founder was that it would someday become a Countyseat, a political center, a commercial emporium. "The best laid schemes". The Legislature of 1821 threw Rockville out into an obscure corner of the County, and the vision of academies, court houses and towering spires passed away.

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David Jewitt was a native of York State, and a noble specimen of the mixed Anglo-Saxon-Knickerbocker breed; large and brawny, not over tall, with the vitality and energy of the two races. I have been told he was a shoe-maker by trade, but had a genius and ambition beyond the wax-end and pegging-awl.

His first venture was a grist-mill, on Little Flat, a half-mile above the Shelhorn mill; following next was the tanyard, in which he did most of the work; and following this a distillery capable of turning out two gallons and a quart of whiskey from a bushel of corn. (Mem: More than sixty years ago I heard old men discourse upon the purity and peculiar virtues of the whiskey made in their younger days, and anathematize the existing product. It is the old story over and over from youth to old age; a fashion that has never changed. Mr. Robinson in the paper referred to says that, at one time, Adams township had "as many as six" distilleries turning out the "oh be joyful". The business was not disreputable then--christian deacons made it, christian elders sipped it, and christian laymen--.

Well, thereto hinges a story that will keep until a more appropriate occasion.

Mr. Jewitt was one of my father's, and the old "Repository" staunch friends, and it was seldom he came to town that he did not drop into its office with a cheery word and, better than words, the name of one or more new subscribers. I, therefore, knew him well, as well as I could know my own boy could know a man of his years. He was a plain man of the people, common in his dress and habits, sociable with all classes of society: therefore, popular in his neighborhood, a justice of the peace for many years, and ex-officio member of the Board doing County business; and for years a Whig leader, ("Boss," political opponents would now call him,) of his township. His usual summer dress was jeans or linen pants, cotton or linen shirt, coarse brogan shoes, topped off with a flannel "warm me". This wherever business or pleasure called. Apropos to this, a story:

While building his first mill he went to Cincinnati for the necessary machinery, and after making his selections asked how soon they could have it packed. The proprietor, who had all the while kept a suspicious eye upon him now asked, "What references have you?" "These." was his answer; pulling from his pocket a roll of United States Bank bills as large as a man's thigh.

Needless to say, that merchant never after asked David Jewitt for "references."

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The Paul family were pioneers of Jefferson County, coming there from Kentucky soon after the organization of this State, and one of them owned the land, and laid off, the city of Madison; a sister became the wife of Hon. William Hendricks, who was Indiana's lone Representative in the lower house of Congress from 1817 till 1821, Governor from 1822 till 1825, and United States Senator from 1825 till 1827. Col. John A. Hendricks, a son of theirs, was killed in Pea Ridge, Missouri, in 1862, while gallantly leading the charge upon the Rebel works.



October 10, 1820, Johnathan Paul entered all of s.3,t.11,r.8, except the north-east eighty--the largest entry ever made in the County at a single time. He brough his family there that winter, and during the summer and fall following built a grist--and saw-mill on Millcreed. Mr. Robinson is of opinion this was the first grist-mill in operation in the County, as previous to its time his father had been compelled to go to Whitewater for breadstuffs. A few years later a wool-carding machinery, and still later, a complete outfit for the manufacture of wool-en goods-flannels and linseys, jeans, cassinets, blankets, and the old-time popular full-cloths--were added to the establishment; both of these latter, I believe, by his son, John P. For a number of years this factory did a flourishing business; but a time came, (much to the advantage of the consumer, but bringing ruin upon its proprietors,) That the competition of the large eastern factories swallowed their trade, and the establishment was literally "frozen out."

On the permauent location of the Big Four, (then the Lawrenceburg and Upper Mississippi, railroad, the town Staint Paul was laid out, by John P. Paul but was engineered by his wide-awake son-in-law, Mr. Erastus L. Floyd. How the place got its front name has, to me, always been one of the past-finding-out mysteries.

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John M. Robinson was one of the many thousands of colonists sent by the Old Dominion to Indiana, having come to this State in 1814. He was born about the year 1790 (Nov.23, 1781:Mem. By C. D. Pleak) at the confluence of the Tygart's Valley River with the West Fork of the Monongahela; grow to manhood and was married, and one child, (the lately deceased Miss Julia:Sept. 7, 1897) was born there. That was then a portion of Harrison, but has since been cut off, and is now in Marion County, WestWest Virginia, a rolling, (western soldiers thought it mountainous,) but very productive, and was the native home of the worl-famous blue-grass.

In the early spring of 1814 he built a flatboat, and loading upon it all his early possessions, including wife and baby, floated down the Monongahela to the Ohio Rive, and on down and down that stream to the mouth of Hogan creed. Aurora and her monster distilleries were not there then, and they did not have to "hold their noses" while they poled up the creek for a suitable anchorage.

On the David Reese farm, a mile or two above there, he raised a corn crop that season, and the next year moved up onto the "ridge, between Aurora and Manchester, and remained there nearly six years quietly awaiting the opening of the New Purchase lands for entry; and there, April 22, 1815, his son William J. was born. October 8, 1820 he entered the land known for over two-thirds of a century as the "Robinson farm." and which, on Monday next, will have been the family home two years over three-fourths of a century.

During the winter a small clearing was made, and a house built, on the ridge between the Pond Branch and Big Flat, and left in care of a squatter who had been hired to continue the clearing. That winter he bro't out a load of corn, to have readiness when he moved out. March 1, 1821, loading up two four-hourse wagons, he bade farewell to Dearborn County and pulled out for the new home. It rained every day, and almost every hour, for five days, and it was not until the afternoon of the fifth day that they reached Joshua Cobb's, where, finding the creek swollen past fording, they remained that night. Pushing on the next morning, during the day they passed one lone house, (that to Thomas Hendricks, where Greensburg now stands,) and the afternoon of March 7 arrived at the destined point--seven days in covering fifty miles.

From Cobb's Mr. R. had sent one of his hired men forward to prepare things for their arrival, who reported that the tenant was gone when



he reached there, and the wagon-load of corn had gone with him. There was a bright side, however, to this misfortune. Their hired man had shot a fine buck that day, and their supper was simply luxurious. "That venison," says Wm. J. "was the tenderest, juiciest, most toothsome that I ever ate--before or since." He was a lad of six years then, and lads of that age usually have appetites as large as their stomachs.

Mr. Robinson Sr. was a Progressive, far in advance of his time; a temperance man, an opponent of human slavery, and a friend to popular education; but, above all these, he was a Christian man, and his first want was a church. To this end he devoted his spare time, assisted by Rev. Daniel Stogsdill, who had preceded him there, Mt Mariah Baptist Church was organized; this was either in the fall of 1822 or the spring of 1823, and is believed to have been the first church organized in the county.

Among the charter member of this are remembered the following heads of families: Daniel Stogsdill, John M. Robinson, Philip Stark, Solomon Turpin, Jonas Long, James Byrum, and Richard Guthrie.

About the middle of the '30's Mr. Robinson built a comfortable school house on his farm, employed competent teachers, and opened its doors, for the small fee, to 'whomsoever will'! Among those who took advantage of the opportunities there were Thomas A. Hendricks and -- (later Dr.) Robbins, of Shelbyville; John G. Dunn, of Lawrenceburg, poet, artist, and physician; Daniel M. and John F. Ewing and Lafayette and Washington Freeman and Charles B. Dart, of this place. The school was continued only until Mr. R.'s children had been prepared to enter college.

Orville Thomson

## HISTORY OF CLARKSBURG THE STUDIUM (Clarksburg High School Class Magazine, 1913)

To obtain a wider and more specific view of the history of Clarksburg, it is necessary to give something of the history of Fugit Township, before entering into the more important part of the subject at hand.

There is no little dispute among authorities as to who was the first settler of Fugit Township. Most authorities agreed that this township was first settled in 1819 by John Fugit, for whom the township was named; next came Griffy, yet some assert that Griffets was first. Also Elias Jarret was conspicuous among those early settlers. Prominent historians of the county say that John Fugit, Griffy Griffets, and Elias Jarret, smoked their last pipes among the hills and hollows of Franklin County in March 1819, and moved near the present site of Clarksburg.

Among these patriarchs John Fugit was probable of the most service to his country. He became Justice of Peace and was later elected one of the first associate Judges of the Circuit Court. He later (1824) moved to Clay Township and from there to Milford, where he died in 1844.

Most of the early inhabitants of this township came from Kentucky, and was of the original Virginia stock that settled our southern neighbor state. To any interested observer the tales of the deeds of our old pioneer fathers, Dr. Nathan Lewis, Cornelius Cain, David Rankin and Andrew Rankin, have much interest as they are told by a few of our Venerable elder citizens, about the warm fireside in the winter time.



The first land entered in this township was one hundred sixty acres in section one, township eleven, range 10. It was entered by James Wiley, October 9, 1820.

Dear old Fugit can proudly boast that the first school in the county was kept within her limits. This school was about one mile east of Clarksburg in 1820. Among its early instructors were Nathan Hobbs, Samuel Donnell, and John Bell.

Probably the greatest disaster that ever befell this township was the passing of a violent hurricane, which did great damage to timber and buildings in the year 1836.

Now let us pass from the township into the pride of Fugit's heart, the town of Clarksburg. Clarksburg, the largest and oldest town of Fugit Township is beautifully located in the extreme northeastern corner of Decatur County, Indiana. It is surrounded by some of the most fertile and productive soil in the state. As its environment makes necessary, its inhabitants carry on agriculture to a large extent, and it boasts of being located in one of the wealthiest townships in the county.

Clarksburg was organized and laid out by Woodson Clark, about the year 1827. He was not the first settler, for James Wiley had settled as early as 1820, but he (Woodson Clark) was the originator and founder of the town, which now bears his name. Mr. Clark received the land from the government, and divided it into lots, and gave them free of charge to men of a trade, who wanted to come here and develop their industries. Mr. Clark's project bore fruit, and soon the sound of the blacksmiths anvil, the weaver's loom, and never ceasing noises from numerous factories, the humming of grist and lumber mills, so intermingled with the murmuring forest that ere many years had passed, barbarianism had given way to civilization, hunting had been replaced by labor, and all things began to work together, to build our little town.

The first blacksmiths shop was a rude log structure built about 1849, some where near the home of A. T. Brock. This shop was owned and operated by a Mr. Saunders. A tanning factory was first put into operation in 1850 by a Mr. West. For a number of years he did a thriving and paying business, but when tanning materials became scarce he abandoned his industry, and now there is nothing to tell the modern observer that the factory once existed except a few depressions, which were made in the excorations of the building near the present home of George Rodgers. The tile factory has also suffered a similar fate. Wm. M. Hamilton operated this factory just south of town, on an exceedingly large scale, but on account of lack of convenient methods of transportation, this industry is only known to us, by a few standing buildings, and the unrelenting talk around the village stores. At the time when the above named factories were being operated, also large carding woolen mills were daily turning out cloth from their looms. One of these mills was operated in the building which has, in recent years been remodeled into a stable by B. E. Russell. The Author has been told by our oldest citizens that this mill did a very extensive business.

The first grist mill was probably operated at the present site of the C. B. Emmert mill. It has been stated that in the earlier period of the existence of our town, a Mr. Howard resided on the site of the present mill, but his humble residence was destroyed by fire, and the land was bought by Jacob Emmert, who erected the mill about the year 1863. In 1870 Mr. Emmert added a sawing department to his grist mill, and began to saw lumber on a large scale. He also operated a planing mill at this time. The passing of years has also dwarfed this business at least the sawing department, for now, the clomping of the gas engine in the grist mill, is much more prominent than the humming of the saw. Mr. Jacob Emmert, has now retired to his farm, and the mill is operated by his son C. B. Emmert.



There was also operated in this town, sausage grinder mills, but their work was less extensive than the other industries. There was also a ripe factory, but the past is too misty to present any absolute facts about it, other than the fact of its existence. Within recent years a wagon factory was operated by Thomas Ray. John Thompson also had a very extensive pump and cabinet works, just at the rear, of Jackson's livery and feed stable. All of these factories have gone out of business largely, because Clarksburg is without a railroad or other convenient means of transportation, so small home factories can not compete with large factories of the city.

The general stores, of the town, have changed owners so often, that it would be monotonous to trace all of them from their starting, to the present time. There is some little dispute among "fire side critics" as to who kept the first store in Clarksburg. The author has been informed by some, that a Mr. Brown held the first general store on the present site of I. M. Seniors General Merchandise store about the time of the Mexican War. Others say, Wheatly and Dobyns, were our first merchants. There was, at an early date, a small store at the present Beall lot, but it has suffered the gradual dilapidations of time, and is now known only thru the medium of memory. An elderly resident says that a rude log hut once occupied the site of the Russel and Co. Cast Store, but that this primitive structure was replaced by the modern brick edifice by the old patriarch J. N. Moore, who, previous to this time had kept a store, where the I.O.O.F. building now stands.

Information says the first drug store was kept by Dr. Cain on the present site of the residence of Henry Hollensly. Mr. Hollensly has since converted this historic building into a work shop, and at present it contains only remedies for broken machinery. This store also had a multitude of owners; Russell, Beall, Miller, Schumm and Hite, and is now owned by A. C. Schumm.

In the days when leather shoes were none things, Clarksburg possessed numerous shoe shops. The sites of the residence of H. C. Doles, the miller Boarding House, and the H. C. Doles and Son Hardware Establishment, all once fostered a rude shoe shop within their limits.

In speaking of the industries of the town, it would be unsatisfactory and unjust, not to mention some of our early physicians. Doctors Crawford and Foster are among the first. Present days find us well supplied with physicians of much ability. They are Doctors Beall, Thomas and Clark. Before them was the Venerable Dr. Johnson.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that the author has to give no space to accounts concerning saltons, for it has always been the pride and boast of our little Village to tolerate no form of business which would tend to lower the morals of the present population and its posterity.

To Clarksburg belongs the honor of having the first school in Decatur Co. This school was kept about one mile east of where the town now stands. School was later kept in the immediate vicinity of the home of J. L. Smith. The building still exists, but it has been moved to the farm home of William Angle, and is now serving the purpose of a wood shed. The country adjacent to this school building, was then, a dense forest. In 1876 a new two storey buck building was erected on the present public school grounds. The edifice, which cost four thousand dollars, was a source of great pride to the patrons of the school. To show their friendly disposition to education, the people themselves, donated some five or six hundred dollars of the cost of the erection. Among its early teachers were: C. L. Hottle, Elmer Cain, Irene Durham and Mattie Nebro. The present school building, which is a much finer



structure than the former one, supports four years of High School, besides the Grammar, Intermediate, and primary grades. The school also has excellent courses in art, music, manual training and domestic science. Its corps of teachers is not easily equaled in any other school. The citizens of Clarksburg, have labored without ceasing, to give their children the best of an education. As a result, many of Decatur County's most prominent citizens have graduated from the Clarksburg school. Our schools have trained men for all the honorable professions of life, and her graduates have played a conspicuous part in our history.

It would be unfair to complete this history without mentioning the churches of the town. The Methodist, Presbyterian, and Christian Churches all have a very interesting history, but entirely too voluminous for a work of this character.

In concluding this brief history of our township and town, an appeal should be made, to us all, to highly resolve, that we, as citizens, shall never work to such an end that we may disgrace the grand works which our fore fathers so nobly started. Let us do all things so that Clarksburg shall be a fit place of residence for the coming generations.

Ralph Bowen Linville  
Clarksburg, Indiana  
May, 1913

EDITORS NOTE: Major Ralph B. Linville, now retired from the chemistry department of Virginia Military Institute, lives in Lexington, Virginia.

Samuel Alexander & Charles B. Penrose have bought from George Gaullagher his large and very extensive stock of "MERCHANDIZE", composing a most extensive assortment of "GOODS", suitable for the present and approaching seasons, and which, (at the old stand of George Gaullagher,) they now offer to their friends and the public, at the most reduced prices. From a determination to keep the assortment at all times full, and their disposition to accommodate all who may favour the store with a call, they declare that on their part, nothing shall be wanting of afford satisfaction.

The following articles compose a part of their STOCK OF GOODS, to wit:

Angola Cassimeres. . . . .	.A corruption of Angora, a city of Asia, cloth fringed shawl of goat hair, long and silky. Angora wool is the true Mohair of Commerce.
Plain and striped Satinets. . . . .	.Imitation satin. Has cotton warp cloth with woolen filling.
Bombazets and Bombazeens . . . . .	.Latin word Bombay, cinus, the silk-en Bombyx-silkworm. A twill dress fabric with silk warp and worsted weft.
Irish Popolins . . . . .	.Self-explanatory.
Striped Bengals. . . . .	.One of the many Bengal cloths on the market at this time but bought in quantities by Great Britain at the beginning of the 18th century.



Blue and yellow Company Nankeens . . . From the city of Nanking in China.  
 A kind of trouser.

Levantine, Senshaws, Mantuas, . . . . . Levantine-A very heavy reversible  
 Florence and Sarsnett Silks. . . . . silk. Turkish.  
 Senshaws-A Chinese textile.  
 Sarsnett- A lining silk for robes  
 or coats in different colors & black.  
 Mantuas-Are kind of Spanish scarfs,  
 long or short, some wide.  
 Florence and Sarsnett silks are silks  
 from Florence, Italy.

Plain and figured Mull Mull . . . . . Mull-Self explanatory.

Jaconet, Cambrick and Swiss Muslins. . . . . Jaconet-A fine cotton cloth from India.  
 Cambrick-Self explanatroy  
 Swiss Muslin-Muslin from Switzerland.

Robinetts and Italian Crapes . . . . . Robinetts-A net for general purposes.  
 Italian Crapes-Crapes from Italy.

Bengal Chintz and Gingham. . . . . Same as striped Bengals. India and  
 and the Bengal sea.

Long Lawn and Linen Cambricks . . . . . Long Lawn-A sheer cloth.  
 Linen Cambricks-Flax.

Washington, Wilmington & Union. . . . . Heavy silks with differenc colors  
 Stripes and widths of stripes.

Painted Muslins and Bed Ticking . . . . . Painted Muslins-Muslins decored with  
 Chinese designs.  
 Bed Ticking-Self explanatory.

Wash Leather, Horse & Dog skin  
 Gloves, Silk, Kid, and York tan. . . . . York tan is English.

Gentleman and Lady's Leghorn Hat . . . . . Popular though highly priced.

Straw and Gimp Bonnets. . . . . . . . . . . Gimp-a cloth six inches wide and often  
 threaded with wire. used for making  
 brims.

ALSO: Rock and Rifle Powder, Brandy, Gin Spi  
 rits, Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Pepper  
 Alsipice, Salt, Fish, Etc. . . . . . . . . . . Rock & Rifle Powder-Blasting and  
 Gun Powder.

August 17, 1825

The original was a gift from Dr. Edgar Nelson Mendenhall of Fort  
 Wayne, Indiana. Copy contributed by Louise Mendenhall Stevenson, his  
 cousin.

Research of definitions gathered by:

Mrs. Nancy Stevenson Young	Mrs. Louise Mendenhall Stevenson
Miss Martha Samuels	Mrs. Helen Craig, (Typist)
Mrs. Thelma Hungerford	Sources of Research Material: Webster Collegiate, Funk & Wagnalls, and others.



THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Volume 1 - No. 14

Greensburg, Indiana

June 14, 1962

THE LAST MEETING

Mr. Ivan L. Bailey, spoke on his favorite subject--THE AMERICAN INDIAN. Long slated for discussion, his topic was one that his audience looked forward to with a great deal of anticipation. The sixty or more attending was evidence enough of this interest. Mr. Bailey's listeners were well repaid for their close attention to his masterful presentation of the subject at hand--the daily life, habits and customs of the first American.

Mr. Grant Henderson gave a paper on the subject--this having to do with the life of Killbuck, a notorious Delaware who lived in comparatively late times. Always the student, Mr. Henderson too was the master of his subject. Mr. Walter Weinland, a guest from Hope, Indiana, spoke along similar lines and displayed artifacts from his collection, which was removed from a mound on Clifty (this county) many years ago. Permit us to say that the meeting was very successful, thanks to these three men.

OCCASION: Summer meeting  
PROGRAM: Important business  
and a short movie  
TIME: 8:00 P.M. Greensburg time  
PLACE: Y.M.C.A. basement. Park  
in adjoining parking lot.  
DATE: Thursday, June 28, 1962

The movie-THE BEST MAN- has been previewed and is recommended. It presents past political campaigns in an entertaining fashion and is non-controversial in character. Garry Moore m-c's the film. To carry out the theme of the program, members are requested to bring their old campaign buttons and badges for display.

The most important item of business will be to discuss the matter of incorporating the Society as a nonprofit organization. Plans will also be formulated for the fall field trip, which has always been one of the high lights of the year. The officers are especially urged to attend this meeting.

BRING AS MANY GUESTS AS YOU WISH!  
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED

Post card views of four points of historical interest in Decatur County are now on sale in all Greensburg drug stores. The cards carry a short description of the particular scenes with derive no profit from their sale. Our local merchants are to be commended for their cooperation in the matter and the photographer is to be especially commended for his fine art work. If their sale warrants, more views will be added to the series.

COMING EVENTS

THIRD ANNUAL HOOSIER FESTIVAL  
CLIFTY FALLS STATE PARK  
AUGUST 12-16  
ROBERT MONTGOMERY, DIRECTOR

MECHANICSBURG SCHOOL REUNION  
NEW POINT SCHOOL  
SEPTEMBER 16TH

FALL FIELD TRIP\*\*DECATUR CO.  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
SEPTEMBER



## EARLY BASEBALL TEAMS

### ALLIE'S TRAMPS

W. Waters, 2b  
A. AmRhein, 1b, mgr.  
F. Nieman, ss  
C. Burkhardt, c  
C. Springmeyer, lf  
E. Swango, rf  
G. Cole, 3b  
J. Menkhaus, cf  
E. Ziegler, p

The score-book has it that this aggregation defeated Napoleon, May 21, 1922 by a score of 3-1 on their home grounds at Mechanicsburg. Abplanup pitched for Napoleon with Elmer Ziegler doing the honors for the hosts. The umpire was Will Moulton and Ed Ziegler was the official scorekeeper. There was joy in Mechanicsburg that night, for the home team had won a ball game!!

### MEMBERSHIP

Open to everyone having an interest in history and his heritage. The annual dues are \$1.00 each, payable in advance. The fiscal year ends Dec. 31. Please direct all applications and renewals to the Recording Secretary.

### THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1962

President. . . . . Paul H. Huber  
1st. Vice-President. . Walter B. Lowe  
2nd Vice-President. Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Corresponding Secy. Mrs. Chas. Loucks  
131 W. Central Ave.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Recording Secy . . . Helen K. Bussell  
711 N. East St.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Treasurer. . . . . William Parker

April 12, 1887-Drillers struck gas at a depth of 600 feet at Greensburg And the state geologist said indications were favorable for plentiful production. The gas was lighted and it shot a flame 40 feet high in the air which burned steadily.

Dear Readers:

John Paul was born in Scotland. We read: "The sea! That was what young Paul wanted from the first, as his road to distinction." -and to sea he went--an apprentice on a packet sloop--when he was just thirteen. At twenty-one he was master of a merchant vessel in the West Indies trade. On December 7, 1775 John Paul Jones Esq. was commissioned first lieutenant in the Continental Navy, and so indicated his devotion to the principle of Liberty. Jones? Yes, after an unfortunate brawl aboard his ship, John Paul had assumed the patronymic Jones.

And John Paul Jones is the title of a recently published Biography, carrying the sub-title A SAILOR'S BIOGRAPHY to which we might add: written by a sailor--for the author is Rear Admiral Samuel E. Morison U.S.N.R., Professor Emeritus of American History at Harvard, and his writings are, as the publisher notes: "distinguished by both seamanship and scholarship."

The fighting, tough, skillful John Paul Jones lives again in the pages of this book which is recommended to you by your:

Cousin Book-Worm

### RECENTLY ACQUIRED

#### A CENTURY OF CATHOLICITY IN MILLHOUSEN, INDIANA 1834-1934

Written by the Rev. C. E. Riebhenthaler on the occasion of their centennial, this is an excellent account of the ecclesiastical as well as the lay history of the community. It is interesting to note that Father Riebhenthaler continues to serve this parish after these 28 years, or more.

A series of pictures of buildings around the Square, some of the vintage of the nineties, is a welcome addition to the growing collections of the Society. Mrs. D. A. Batterton was the donor.



## WELCOME! NEW MEMBERS

Mr. Gilbert T. Richey - Indianapolis  
Mrs. Gilbert T. Richey - Indianapolis  
Dr. D. D. Dickson  
Mr. Nino Dickson  
Miss Julia Huber  
Mr. William B. Baumgartner  
Mr. William B. Baumgartner  
Dr. R. R. Powell - Indianapolis  
Miss Charlotte Huber - Indianapolis  
Mr. Andrew Moore  
Mrs. Hayes Buskirk - Bloomington  
Mr. George Greer  
Mrs. George Greer  
Mr. Anthony Moorman  
Mrs. Glenn A. Howard - Indianapolis  
Mrs. Don O. Mohr - Ponca, Nebraska  
Mr. Wilbur W. Ford  
Mrs. Wilbur W. Ford

Mr. Richey, a Greensburg Boy, is an architect in Indpls. Mrs. Richey is the former Sarah Craig. Dr. Powell a native of Milan practised dentistry here before locating in Indpls. Miss Charlotte Huber, late of Indpls. now lives in Port Charlotte, Florida. Mrs. Hayes Buskirk is the former Ruth White of Greensburg. Mrs. Glenn A. Howard we recognize as Flora Link formerly of the county clerk's office. Mrs. Don O. Mohr formerly Lura Burgess came from the Letts Community-we guess.

### THE BATTLE AT PORT REPUBLIC

\*\*\*\*

#### THE MOST BRILLIANT ACTION OF THE WAR

\*\*\*\*

Our Brave Western Men Fight Five Hours  
Against Five Times Their Number

\*\*\*\*

#### THE SEVENTH INDIANA CHARGE AND DRIVE THE ENEMY LIKE SHEEP.

\*\*\*\*

List of the Killed and Wounded

\*\*\*\*

Front Royal, June 15, 1862

The results of the battle of Port Republic on Monday last, between a portion of Shield's division and Jackson's army, are now ascertained, as near as can be. The names already given are known to be among the killed and wound-

Con't

ed, although many classed among the missing are no doubt badly injured; but our troops being compelled to retire before a foe so superior in numbers, and in all other respects except bravery, many were necessarily left on the field whose names could not be ascertained. Of the large number classed as missing, many will doubtless find their way back to their regiments. The force engaged was mostly composed of Western men, who did their noble duty, as is evidenced by their fighting a foe more than five times their number for five hours, and then retreating in order, excepting one or two regiments, which were completely surrounded and compelled to take to the mountains, many of whom made their way back to division.

The 7th Indiana Regiment did noble duty, holding their position on the right for four hours against a vastly superior force, Col. Gavin repeatedly charging and driving the enemy like sheep. They left Fredericksburg 800 strong, and arrived at Port Republic with only 300, the remainder being left along the route, sick and disabled, and after the fight they mastered about 140, losing more than half their forces.

The 29th and 66th Ohio Regiments also lost heavily, as may be seen by the list of casualties. The three batteries of artillery, Clark's, Robinson's and Huntington's, are entitled to great praise for the gallant part they took in the action.

Had the 1st and 2nd brigades been enabled to reach the scene of action, and entirely different result would doubtlessly have ensued.

After Monday's fight it is understood Jackson took the road toward Stanardsville, passing through the Gap of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in a line for Gordonsville, at which point is railroad communication with Richmond.

LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED AT  
THE BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC WASHINGTON.

June 14, 1862

Con't.



The following is a list of the killed and wounded at the battle of Port Republic, as far as ascertained:

Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania Regt.  
1 Killed, 2 wounded, and 30 missing.  
Names omitted here.

One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania Regt. 1 Killed, 4 wounded, 23 missing. Names not ascertained.

Seventh Indiana Regt. 300 strong.  
Killed: A. J. Hawley, H. F. Swan, Sergeant A. Harden, Capt. Jacob Shirk, Jacob Michael, Capt. Sol. Waterman, Isaac M. Houston, Wm. Luke, A. Montgomery. Wounded: Lieut. Geo. C. Watson, seriously, Sergt. Wm. Wheeler, slightly, Sergt. James C. Stewart, severely, Wm. Armstrong, seriously, Andy H. Smith, slightly, Corp. James Davis, slightly, Capt. W. C. Bonta, slightly, Sergt. Straugh, slightly, James Welston, slightly, Corp. Hussey, slightly, C. Franklin, seriously, R. R. Myrick, seriously, Wilson Job, slightly, David White, severely, Silas Davidson, severely, Wm. Franklin, severely, A. J. Peck, severely, O.S. Richmond, severely, Wm. Biernan, slightly, C. W. Stirling, slightly, J. M. Finkin, slightly, J. Williams, seriously, H. H. McCough, slightly, Capt. Welsh, slightly, Sergt. David M. Smith, severely, John McClain, mortally, Ed Rouse, slightly, Isaac Schaffer, severely, John Woodbester, severely, Louis Striker, do, Dyer Moore, slightly, Sergt. J. M. Hocser, slightly, George Miller, severely, B. L. McFarland, slightly, Capt. Ira Grover, slightly, Sergt. G. P. Clayton, slightly, G. Shoemaker, slightly, Wm. M. Hamilton, severely, A. J. Merrick, slightly, S. F. Younk, slightly, N. H. Potter, slightly, Corp. L. P. Gaw, severely, R. Dittus, severely, Samuel Gassett, severely, J. H. Bisher, severely, J. Rourke, slightly, J. H. Goff, slightly, J. Bond, slightly, Serg. Winscote, slightly, Sidney Adams, slightly, E. Miles, slightly, Sergeant J. B. Williams, seriously, Corp. M.C. Walker, Seriously, John Hodges, slightly, N. Allen severely, S. T. Carpenter, severely, John Collins severely,

Con't.

John Conead, slightly, R. D. Grace seriously, E. Hall, slightly, Wm. Hare, severely, J. Halcroft, slightly, Wm. Lambert, slightly, H. C. Lemon, mortally, R. B. Lewis, severely, M. X. Lingwood, slightly, Wm. Monroe, slightly, J. Graham, slightly, L. H. Morgan slightly, C. Reynolds, slightly, J. Richardson, slightly, N. J. Lund, severely, Geo. Brickler, slightly, John, Myers, slightly, Co. Montague, slightly, J. N. Opel, slightly, B. G. Boyce, slightly, J. W. Hart, slightly, Lieut. E. D. Bryant, slightly, Serg. E. F. Hunt, severely, J. N. Holtscaw, slightly, Thos. Grant, slightly, Wm. Stricklin, slightly, T. J. Hellan, slightly, W. M. Hess, slightly, J. M. Leake, slightly, Sergt. Jacob Varnen, seriously, H. T. James, slightly, E. Mark, slightly, Wm. Rosking, seriously, J. Tracey, severely, J. Gateby, severely, J. Smith, severely, W. M. Campbell, severely, A. J. Canby, Severely,

Sixth-Sixth Ohio Regt.  
17 Killed, 59 wounded, 107 missing.  
Names omitted here.

Twelfth Ohio Regt.  
4 Killed, 56 wounded, 174 missing.  
Names omitted here.

Seventh Ohio Regt.  
11 Killed, 59 wounded, 10 missing. Names omitted here.

Twenty-Ninth Ohio Regt.  
17 Killed, 39 wounded, 138 missing. Names omitted here.

Battery H.--1st Ohio  
2 Killed, 5 wounded, 3 missing.  
Lost 2 guns. Names omitted here.

Battery L.--1st Ohio  
1 Killed, 4 wounded, 5 missing.  
Names omitted here.

The number of men engaged was about 350, of whom 9 were killed, 9 mortally wounded, 123 wounded, 30 missing, and 2 prisoners.

Sam Cochran remained at his gun and fired it alone three times,

Con't.



making great havoc among the enemy, and then, knocking down a Rebel with a stone, he made his escape.

The foregoing list of killed and wounded is compiled from official and other sources, and is as near correct as can be obtained for the present.

EDITORS NOTE: This casualty list is from the NEW YORK DAILY TRIBUNE dated Monday June 16, 1862. Decatur County had three companies in the SEVENTH-D, E, and G. The Battle of Port Republic was their baptism in the Civil War. The names underscored are those known or thought to have been from Decatur County. The regimental history lists the following as casualties which are not mentioned in the TRIBUNE: Pilgrim Cox, wounded; James Kelley, Killed; John McCain, wounded mortally; Joab Shirk Killed; George W. Michael, killed; Allen G. Bates, wounded; Sydney D. Griswold, wounded mortally; Charles Jones, wounded. Port Republic is now a ghost town in the Shenandoah Valley located 12-15 miles South of Harrisonburg, Va. A tablet on the battle field states that the Confederate Army took 500 prisoners here, the Editors grandfather among them. He was a member of the 5th. Ohio which fought the rear guard action.

#### A TREE

The City of Greensburg and Decatur County has a tree, but unlike all other trees, this particular tree grown not from the ground, but from atop the courthouse tower some 110 feet in the air. A photograph of the tower taken in 1860 on completion of the structure, reveals no trees on the tower, evidence in itself that a tree was not planted there. History has it, that the first tree appeared about 1870. Since that time there have been any number of trees on the tower, as many as 8 at a time. Presently there is only one, this on the Southwest ridge of the tower. The tree appears to be about 10 feet high, as compared to the dial of the clock, which is 7 feet 4 inches in diameter. The species has been identified by the Smithsonian

Con't.

Institute as a large toothed aspen, or in the Latin-POPULUS GRANDIDENTATA. Botanists tell us, that the habitat of this aspen, is in the limestone country and true to form, our tree has its roots imbedded between immense stone blocks, that constitute the roof of the tower. However, there are no trees like it to be found elsewhere in this county, and the county does abound in limestone. A previous tree, or perhaps a branch of the tree removed from the tower some years ago, measures 4 1/3 inches in diameter. The present tree has prospered this summer due to the frequent rains, and even with the advent of drier weather, continues to thrive and wave its branches ever so majestically and so everlasting, like the monarch that it is - of all it surveys. The tree has been photographed many times, every day in fact and vistas are maintained for that reason. It has been the subject of songs, to say nothing of the verse written about it. The tree has looked down on such notables as Wm. Jennings Bryan, Robert G. Ingersoll, Gen. Benj. Harrison, Gen. John A. Logan, Gov. Oliver P. Morton, our own Gen. John T. Wilder, Lieut. Gov. Will Cumback and the late Admiral Wm. Lawrence Erdmann, a former Greensburg boy. Mr. Smiley Fowler, our poet-laureate has written, somewhat a jest, the following:

On the roof of our tower, two trees  
Seem to thrive in the dust laden  
Breeze,  
But when the storm blows  
The Lord only knows  
How they cling with such nonchalant  
Ease.



## EDITORS NOTE

We are indebted to Carroll Pleak for the following article. We are especially interested to learn that George Donner of the ill-fated Donner Party once lived near Kingston. Can this be further documented:

The INDPLS. NEWS in reply to a question some time ago gave the following. (quote).

QUESTION: What was the Donner Party?

ANSWER: The Donner party was a westbound group of settlers under George Donner which suffered disaster in the Sierra-Nevada in the winter of 1846-47. Caught by snow in early November, the party of 87 (of whom 39 were children, 17 of them under six) was forced to make camp just within the California border. A few succeeded to breaking through on foot, but the first of four relief parties from Sutter's Fort did not reach the camp until February 22. There were only 47 survivors, the last not brought out until April 22, 1847.

### PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

\*\*\*\*\*

Personal Sketches Of Decatur's Pioneer Fathers

\*\*\*\*\*

The Men Of 1819-1820.

\*\*\*\*\*

First Grist Mills In County--Shelhorn, Jewitt, Paul, House.

\*\*\*\*\*

White the sheets of THE STANDARD of last week were yet damp for the press I had the good fortune to find, in an old issue of this paper, (September 21, 1872) a paper prepared by Hon. William J. Robinson and read before the Decatur County Old Settlers' Association on September 12th of that year, on the Early History of Adams Township, to which I am indebted for further and more definite information as to its first settlement. There were five families squatted within the present bounds of that township as early as the spring of 1820, the Gullions, before mentioned, the Tanners, the Iseleys, the Zeiglers, and the Heaton's. Located as follows:

Philip Isely, in November 1819, on what is now the Ira D. Jewett farm, north of St. Omer.

Henry Gullion of Clifty, part of the Newson Hamilton farm, now the property of John H. Brown.

Peter Zeigler in the spring of 1820, on the well known Adkins-Pleak farm, and the exact site of Jos. A. Wynn's palatial home.

Abraham Heaton in the spring of 1820, now owned by T. P. Watson.

Edward Tanner in the spring of 1820, on the "school section", now part of the possessions of the Nelson Jewett heirs.

There is a tradition that John Gullion, perhaps a brother or son of Henry, (I find the name in Mr. Robinson's sketch) had reconiterd the Flatrock region as early as 1818, and made a small "clearing" somewhere thereabout, but find no other mention of him. The tow names were, possibly, applied to the same person. This, however, is now "a matter of no consequence," as Dickens would have Mr. Toots say.

\*\*\*\*\*

Whether there any additions to either of the two settlements I have been treating of during of during the summer of 1820, and previous to the lands being put in the market, is matter of uncertainty at this day, though tradition says a few families were added to that in Fugit early that fall--among them Dr. Nathan Lewis (he wasn't a "docter" then, how-



ever,) and his father-in-law,--Sebly, and James Wise, the latter of whom settled on land now partly covered by Clarksburg.

The first death that occurred in the county, it is believed, was in the Wise family, soon after it came, and was a most sorrowful affair. Two of their sons, mere lads, wandered off and were lost in the all-pervading woods. Search was made, all the neighborhood turning out, but it was not until several days had elapsed that they were found by one Joseph Weston, and then one of them dead, having perished from cold and exposure--and the other in a very enfeebled condition.

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At the first of that October there were certainly eleven, perhaps fourteen families living within the limits of the county, and as nearly all of these were but recently married parties, the entire population could hardly have exceeded fifty or sixty. The emigration soon rapidly began, and by the opening of spring there was estimated to be a hundred and fifty, and a year later, when the organization of the County was effected, three hundred and fifty families, and a total population of twelve to fourteen hundred.

Who was the first comer after the land sales? is a question very difficult to answer, there being scarcely any communication between the different neighborhoods, and the one did not know what was being done in the others. The better opinion is that honors are about equal between Josua Cobb, John Shelhorn and David Jewitt, all of whom had occupied their new homes before the end of the year. Following closely after them were Jonathan Paul, on the present site of Saint Paul; James Saunders, on that of Clarksburg; Seth Lowe at and William Custer and George Donner one half-mile south of Kingson; Thomas Hendricks on the site, and John House a half-mile south, of this city; and John Bryson, the Rankins, Hendersons, Martins, and others about and around Springhill.

In 1825 Donner sold his "eighty" to Lowe, and emigrated to the still farther "Far West"--Missouri, I have been advised; and, on the breaking out of the California gold fever, in 1849, cut loose from the land of the "Pukes" and pulled out for the then Modern Ophir. The next, and last, that was known of the Donner family was finding of their mutilated remains, by the next following emigrant party, in the Salt Lake Valley, on the California Trail. The Gentiles charged the crime upon the Mormons; they upon Indians; and poor Lowell, he was not interviewed on the subject!

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#### PERSONAL SKETCHES

John Shelhorn and the Kimballs were natives of New Jersey, were brothers-in-law, and made their entries about the same time Shelhorn had previously brough his family to the neighborhood of Broodville, and was there awaiting the opening of the Land-office--meanwhile quietly prospecting the 'New purchase. He evidently had an eye open to the future, his first entry, (the first made in the County,) being the "quarter" on which is the junction of Big and Little Flatrocks--land with good natural drainage, and several at that time valuable mill-sites on it.

Personally, I did not know, and do not remember to have ever seen Mr. Shelhorn; he passed away from this world's scene of action while yet in Manhood's early prime--perhaps before my day, but his works remained. The Mill and the mill-pond were there, supplying food to the hungry, and 'we' boys--William Moore, Daniel Stewart, John Fowler, etc. fished and swam in the pond later--oh, so long ago! The town of Rockville, laid out by him 1821, preceded, or soon followed its founder to the Land of shadows. Of all the things he prided himself upon, only the nearly six hundred acres of the then most desirable lands in the neighborhood, entered by him in 1820-21, remain.



The name Rockville does not, never did, appear upon the maps of the County. It was located on the ridge between Little and Big Flat, and the dream of its founder was that it would someday become a Countyseat, a political center, a commercial emporium. "The best laid schemes". The Legislature of 1821 threw Rockville out into an obscure corner of the County, and the vision of academies, court houses and towering spires passed away.

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David Jewitt was a native of York State, and a noble specimen of the mixed Anglo-Saxon-Knickerbocker breed; large and brawny, not over tall, with the vitality and energy of the two races. I have been told he was a shoe-maker by trade, but had a genius and ambition beyond the wax-end and pegging-awl.

His first venture was a grist-mill, on Little Flat, a half-mile above the Shelhorn mill; following next was the tanyard, in which he did most of the work; and following this a distillery capable of turning out two gallons and a quart of whiskey from a bushel of corn. (Mem: More than sixty years ago I heard old men discourse upon the purity and peculiar virtues of the whiskey made in their younger days, and anathematize the existing product. It is the old story over and over from youth to old age; a fashion that has never changed. Mr. Robinson in the paper referred to says that, at one time, Adams township had "as many as six" distilleries turning out the "oh be joyful". The business was not disreputable then--christian deacons made it, christian elders sipped it, and christian laymen--.

Well, thereto hinges a story that will keep until a more appropriate occasion.

Mr. Jewitt was one of my father's, and the old "Repository" staunch friends, and it was seldom he came to town that he did not drop into its office with a cheery word and, better than words, the name of one or more new subscribers. I, therefore, knew him well, as well as I could know my own boy could know a man of his years. He was a plain man of the people, common in his dress and habits, sociable with all classes of society; therefore, popular in his neighborhood, a justice of the peace for many years, and ex-officio member of the Board doing County business; and for years a Whig leader, ("Boss," political opponents would now call him,) of his township. His usual summer dress was jeans or linen pants, cotton or linen shirt, coarse brogan shoes, topped off with a flannel "warm me". This wherever business or pleasure called. Apropos to this, a story:

While building his first mill he went to Cincinnati for the necessary machinery, and after making his selections asked how soon they could have it packed. The proprietor, who had all the while kept a suspicious eye upon him now asked, "What references have you?" "These." was his answer; pulling from his pocket a roll of United States Bank bills as large as a man's thigh.

Needless to say, that merchant never after asked David Jewitt for "references."

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The Paul family were pioneers of Jefferson County, coming there from Kentucky soon after the organization of this State, and one of them owned the land, and laid off, the city of Madison; a sister became the wife of Hon. William Hendricks, who was Indiana's lone Representative in the lower house of Congress from 1817 till 1821, Governor from 1822 till 1825, and United States Senator from 1825 till 1827. Col. John A. Hendricks, a son of theirs, was killed in Pea Ridge, Missouri, in 1862, while gallantly leading the charge upon the Rebel works.



October 10, 1820, Johnathan Paul entered all of s.3,t.11,r.8, except the north-east eighty--the largest entry ever made in the County at a single time. He brough his family there that winter, and during the summer and fall following built a grist--and saw-mill on Millcreed. Mr. Robinson is of opinion this was the first grist-mill in operation in the County, as previous to its time his father had been compelled to go to Whitewater for breadstuffs. A few years later a wool-carding machinery, and still later, a complete outfit for the manufacture of wool-en goods-flannels and linseys, jeans, cassinets, blankets, and the old-time popular full-cloths--were added to the establishment; both of these latter, I believe, by his son, John P. For a number of years this factory did a flourishing business; but a time came, (much to the advantage of the consumer, but bringing ruin upon its proprietors,) That the competition of the large eastern factories swallowed their trade, and the establishment was literally "frozen out."

On the permauent location of the Big Four, (then the Lawrenceburg and Upper Mississippi, railroad, the town Staint Paul was laid out, by John P. Paul but was engineered by his wide-awake son-in-law, Mr. Erastus L. Floyd. How the place got its front name has, to me, always been one of the past-finding-out mysteries.

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John M. Robinson was one of the many thousands of colonists sent by the Old Dominion to Indiana, having come to this State in 1814. He was born about the year 1790 (Nov.23, 1781:Mem. By C. D. Pleak) at the confluence of the Tygart's Valley River with the West Fork of the Monongahela; grow to manhood and was married, and one child, (the lately deceased Miss Julia:Sept. 7, 1897) was born there. That was then a portion of Harrison, but has since been cut off, and is now in Marion County, WestWest Virginia, a rolling, (western soldiers thought it mountainous,) but very productive, and was the native home of the worl-famous blue-grass.

In the early spring of 1814 he built a flatboat, and loading upon it all his early possessions, including wife and baby, floated down the Monongahela to the Ohio Rive, and on down and down that stream to the mouth of Hogan creed. Aurora and her monster distilleries were not there then, and they did not have to "hold their noses" while they poled up the creek for a suitable anchorage.

On the David Reese farm, a mile or two above there, he raised a corn crop that season, and the next year moved up onto the "ridge, between Aurora and Manchester", and remained there nearly six years quietly awaiting the opening of the New Purchase lands for entry; and there, April 22, 1815, his son William J. was born. October 8, 1820 he entered the land known for over two-thirds of a century as the "Robinson farm." and which, on Monday next, will have been the family home two years over three-fourths of a century.

During the winter a small clearing was made, and a house built, on the ridge between the Pond Branch and Big Flat, and left in care of a squatter who had been hired to continue the clearing. That winter he bro't out a load of corn, to have readiness when he moved out. March 1, 1821, loading up two four-hourse wagons, he bade farewell to Dearborn County and pulled out for the new home. It rained every day, and almost every hour, for five days, and it was not until the afternoon of the fifth day that they reached Joshua Cobb's, where, finding the creek swollen past fording, they remained that night. Pushing on the next morning, during the day they passed one lone house, (that to Thomas Hendricks, where Greensburg now stands,) and the afternoon of March 7 arrived at the destined point--seven days in covering fifty miles.

From Cobb's Mr. R. had sent one of his hired men forward to prepare things for their arrival, who reported that the tenant was gone when



he reached there, and the wagon-load of corn had gone with him. There was a bright side, however, to this misfortune. Their hired man had shot a fine buck that day, and their supper was simply luxurious. "That venison," says Wm. J. "was the tenderest, juiciest, most toothsome that I ever ate--before or since." He was a lad of six years then, and lads of that age usually have appetites as large as their stomachs.

Mr. Robinson Sr. was a Progressive, far in advance of his time; a temperance man, an opponent of human slavery, and a friend to popular education; but, above all these, he was a Christian man, and his first want was a church. To this end he devoted his spare time, assisted by Rev. Daniel Stogsdill, who had preceded him there, Mt Mariah Baptist Church was organized; this was either in the fall of 1822 or the spring of 1823, and is believed to have been the first church organized in the county.

Among the charter member of this are remembered the following heads of families: Daniel Stogsdill, John M. Robinson, Philip Stark, Solomon Turpin, Jonas Long, James Byrum, and Richard Guthrie.

About the middle of the '30's Mr. Robinson built a comfortable school house on his farm, employed competent teachers, and opened its doors, for the small fee, to 'whomsoever will'! Among those who took advantage of the opportunities there were Thomas A. Hendricks and -- (later Dr.) Robbins, of Shelbyville; John G. Dunn, of Lawrenceburg, poet, artist, and physician; Daniel M. and John F. Ewing and Lafayette and Washington Freeman and Charles B. Dart, of this place. The school was continued only until Mr. R.'s children had been prepared to enter college.

Orville Thomson

## HISTORY OF CLARKSBURG THE STUDIUM

(Clarksburg High School Class Magazine, 1913)

To obtain a wider and more specific view of the history of Clarksburg, it is necessary to give something of the history of Fugit Township, before entering into the more important part of the subject at hand.

There is no little dispute among authorities as to who was the first settler of Fugit Township. Most authorities agreed that this township was first settled in 1819 by John Fugit, for whom the township was named; next came Griffy, yet some assert that Griffets was first. Also Elias Jarret was conspicuous among those early settlers. Prominent historians of the county say that John Fugit, Griffy Griffets, and Elias Jarret, smoked their last pipes among the hills and hollows of Franklin County in March 1819, and moved near the present site of Clarksburg.

Among these patriarchs John Fugit was probable of the most service to his country. He became Justice of Peace and was later elected one of the first associate Judges of the Circuit Court. He later (1824) moved to Clay Township and from there to Milford, where he died in 1844.

Most of the early inhabitants of this township came from Kentucky, and was of the original Virginia stock that settled our southern neighbor state. To any interested observer the tales of the deeds of our old pioneer fathers, Dr. Nathan Lewis, Cornelius Cain, David Rankin and Andrew Rankin, have much interest as they are told by a few of our Venerable elder citizens, about the warm fireside in the winter time.



The first land entered in this township was one hundred sixty acres in section one, township eleven, range 10. It was entered by James Wiley, October 9, 1820.

Dear old Fugit can proudly boast that the first school in the county was kept within her limits. This school was about one mile east of Clarksburg in 1820. Among its early instructors were Nathan Hobbs, Samuel Donnell, and John Bell.

Probably the greatest disaster that ever befell this township was the passing of a violent hurricane, which did great damage to timber and buildings in the year 1836.

Now let us pass from the township into the pride of Fugit's heart, the town of Clarksburg. Clarksburg, the largest and oldest town of Fugit Township is beautifully located in the extreme northeastern corner of Decatur County, Indiana. It is surrounded by some of the most fertile and productive soil in the state. As its environment makes necessary, its inhabitants carry on agriculture to a large extent, and it boasts of being located in one of the wealthiest townships in the county.

Clarksburg was organized and laid out by Woodson Clark, about the year 1827. He was not the first settler, for James Wiley had settled as early as 1820, but he (Woodson Clark) was the originator and founder of the town, which now bears his name. Mr. Clark received the land from the government, and divided it into lots, and gave them free of charge to men of a trade, who wanted to come here and develop their industries. Mr. Clark's project bore fruit, and soon the sound of the blacksmiths anvil, the weaver's loom, and never ceasing noises from numerous factories, the humming of grist and lumber mills, so intermingled with the murmuring forest that ere many years had passed, barbarianism had given way to civilization, hunting had been replaced by labor, and all things began to work together, to build our little town.

The first blacksmiths shop was a rude log structure built about 1849, some where near the home of A. T. Brock. This shop was owned and operated by a Mr. Saunders. A tanning factory was first put into operation in 1850 by a Mr. West. For a number of years he did a thriving and paying business, but when tanning materials became scarce he abandoned his industry, and now there is nothing to tell the modern observer that the factory once existed except a few depressions, which were made in the excorations of the building near the present home of George Rodgers. The tile factory has also suffered a similar fate. Wm. M. Hamilton operated this factory just south of town, on an exceedingly large scale, but on account of lack of convenient methods of transportation, this industry is only known to us, by a few standing buildings, and the unrelenting talk around the village stores. At the time when the above named factories were being operated, also large carding woolen mills were daily turning out cloth from their looms. One of these mills was operated in the building which has, in recent years been remodeled into a stable by B. E. Russell. The Author has been told by our oldest citizens that this mill did a very extensive business.

The first grist mill was probably operated at the present site of the C. B. Emmert mill. It has been stated that in the earlier period of the existence of our town, a Mr. Howard resided on the site of the present mill, but his humble residence was destroyed by fire, and the land was bought by Jacob Emmert, who erected the mill about the year 1863. In 1870 Mr. Emmert added a sawing department to his grist mill, and began to saw lumber on a large scale. He also operated a planing mill at this time. The passing of years has also dwarfed this business at least the sawing department, for now, the clomping of the gas engine in the grist mill, is much more prominent than the humming of the saw. Mr. Jacob Emmert, has now retired to his farm, and the mill is operated by his son C. B. Emmert.



There was also operated in this town, sausage grinder mills, but their work was less extensive than the other industries. There was also a ripe factory, but the past is too misty to present any absolute facts about it, other than the fact of its existence. Within recent years a wagon factory was operated by Thomas Ray. John Thompson also had a very extensive pump and cabinet works, just at the rear, of Jackson's livery and feed stable. All of these factories have gone out of business largely, because Clarksburg is without a railroad or other convenient means of transportation, so small home factories can not compete with large factories of the city.

The general stores, of the town, have changed owners so often, that it would be monotonous to trace all of them from their starting, to the present time. There is some little dispute among "fire side critics" as to who kept the first store in Clarksburg. The author has been informed by some, that a Mr. Brown held the first general store on the present site of I. M. Seniours General Merchandise store about the time of the Mexican War. Others say, Wheatly and Dobyns, were our first merchants. There was, at an early date, a small store at the present Beall lot, but it has suffered the gradual dilapidations of time, and is now known only thru the medium of memory. An elderly resident says that a rude log hut once occupied the site of the Russel and Co. Cast Store, but that this primitive structure was replaced by the modern brick edifice by the old patriarch J. N. Moore, who, previous to this time had kept a store, where the I.O.O.F. building now stands.

Information says the first drug store was kept by Dr. Cain on the present site of the residence of Henry Hollensly. Mr. Hollensly has since converted this historic building into a work shop, and at present it contains only remedies for broken machinery. This store also had a multitude of owners; Russell, Beall, Miller, Schumm and Hite, and is now owned by A. C. Schumm.

In the days when leather shoes were none things, Clarksburg possessed numerous shoe shops. The sites of the residence of H. C. Doles, the miller Boarding House, and the H. C. Doles and Son Hardware Establishment, all once fostered a rude shoe shop within their limits.

In speaking of the industries of the town, it would be unsatisfactory and unjust, not to mention some of our early physicians. Doctors Crawford and Foster are among the first. Present days find us well supplied with physicians of much ability. They are Doctors Beall, Thomas and Clark. Before them was the Venerable Dr. Johnson.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that the author has to give no space to accounts concerning saltons, for it has always been the pride and boast of our little Village to tolerate no form of business which would tend to lower the morals of the present population and its posterity.

To Clarksburg belongs the honor of having the first school in Decatur Co. This school was kept about one mile east of where the town now stands. School was later kept in the immediate vicinity of the home of J. L. Smith. The building still exists, but it has been moved to the farm home of William Angle, and is now serving the purpose of a wood shed. The country adjacent to this school building, was then, a dense forest. In 1876 a new two storey buck building was erected on the present public school grounds. The edifice, which cost four thousand dollars, was a source of great pride to the patrons of the school. To show their friendly disposition to education, the people themselves, donated some five or six hundred dollars of the cost of the erection. Among its early teachers were: C. L. Hottle, Elmer Cain, Irene Durham and Mattie Nebro. The present school building, which is a much finer



structure than the former one, supports four years of High School, besides the Grammar, Intermediate, and primary grades. The school also has excellent courses in art, music, manual training and domestic science. Its corps of teachers is not easily equaled in any other school. The citizens of Clarksburg, have labored without ceasing, to give their children the best of an education. As a result, many of Decatur County's most prominent citizens have graduated from the Clarksburg school. Our schools have trained men for all the honorable professions of life, and her graduates have played a conspicuous part in our history.

It would be unfair to complete this history without mentioning the churches of the town. The Methodist, Presbyterian, and Christian Churches all have a very interesting history, but, entirely too voluminous for a work of this character.

In concluding this brief history of our township and town, an appeal should be made, to us all, to highly resolve, that we, as citizens, shall never work to such an end that we may disgrace the grand works which our fore fathers so nobly started. Let us do all things so that Clarksburg shall be a fit place of residence for the coming generations.

Ralph Bowen Linville  
Clarksburg, Indiana  
May, 1913

EDITORS NOTE: Major Ralph B. Linville, now retired from the chemistry department of Virginia Military Institute, lives in Lexington, Virginia.

Samuel Alexander & Charles B. Penrose have bought from George Gaullagher his large and very extensive stock of "MERCHANDIZE", composing a most extensive assortment of "GOODS", suitable for the present and approaching seasons, and which, (at the old stand of George Gaullagher,) they now offer to their friends and the public, at the most reduced prices. From a determination to keep the assortment at all times full, and their disposition to accommodate all who may favour the store with a call, they declare that on their part, nothing shall be wanting of afford satisfaction.

The following articles compose a part of their STOCK OF GOODS, to wit:

Angola Cassimeres. . . . .	A corruption of Angora, a city of Asia, cloth fringed shawl of goat hair, long and silky. Angora wool is the true Mohair of Commerce.
Plain and striped Satinets. . . . .	Imitation satin. Has cotton warp cloth with woolen filling.
Bombazets and Bombazeens . . . . .	Latin word Bombay, cinia; the silken Bombyx-silkworm. A twill dress fabric with silk warp and worsted weft.
Irish Papolins . . . . .	Self-explanatory.
Striped Bengals. . . . .	One of the many Bengal cloths on the market at this time but bought in quantities by Great Britain at the beginning of the 18th century.



Blue and yellow Company Nankeens . . . From the city of Nanking in China.  
A kind of trouser.

Levantine, Senshaws, Mantuas, . . . . . Levantine-A very heavy reversible  
Florence and Sarsnett Silks. . . . . silk. Turkish.  
Senshaws-A Chinese textile.  
Sarsnett- A lining silk for robes  
or coats in different colors & black.  
Mantuas-Are kind of Spanish scarfs,  
long or short, some wide.  
Florence and Sarsnett silks are silks  
from Florence, Italy.

Plain and figured Mull Mull . . . . . Mull-Self explanatory.

Jaconet, Cambrick and Swiss Muslins. . . . . Jaconet-A fine cotton cloth from India.  
Cambrick-Self explanatroy  
Swiss Muslin-Muslin from Switzerland.

Robinets and Italian Crape . . . . . Robinets-A net for general purposes.  
Italian Crape-Crape from Italy.

Bengal Chintz and Gingham. . . . . Same as striped Bengals. India and  
and the Bengal sea.

Long Lawn and Linen Cambricks . . . . . Long Lawn-A sheer cloth.  
Linen Cambricks-Flax.

Washington, Wilmington & Union. . . . . Heavy silks with differenc colors  
Stripes and widths of stripes.

Painted Muslins and Bed Ticking . . . . . Painted Muslins-Muslins decored with  
Chinese designs.  
Bed Ticking-Self explanatory.

Wash Leather, Horse & Dog skin  
Gloves, Silk, Kid, and York tan . . . . . York tan is English.

Gentleman and Lady's Leghorn Hat . . . . . Popular though highly priced.

Straw and Gimp Bonnets. . . . . . . . . . . Gimp-a cloth six inches wide and often  
threaded with wire. used for making  
brims.

ALSO: Rock and Rifle Powder, Brandy, Gin Spi  
rits, Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Pepper  
Alspice, Salt, Fish, Etc. . . . . . . . . . . Rock & Rifle Powder-Blasting and  
Gun Powder.

August 17, 1825

The original was a gift from Dr. Edgar Nelson Mendenhall of Fort  
Wayne, Indiana. Copy contributed by Louise Mendenhall Stevenson, his  
cousin.

Research of definitions gathered by:

Mrs. Nancy Stevenson Young	Mrs. Louise Mendenhall Stevenson
Miss Martha Samuels	Mrs. Helen Craig, (Typist)
Mrs. Thelma Hungerford	Sources of Research Material: Webster Collegiate, Funk & Wagnalls, and others.



THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Volume 1 - No. 15

Greensburg, Indiana

October 1, 1962

Dear Reader:

The National Geographic Society has done it again! - published a book - beautifully illustrated - which - while you sit in your comfortable arm-chair (or rocking chair?) - will unroll a magic carpet before your mind's eye, and stepping on it - quickly you will feel that time has turned back, for you will meet men and women of yesteryears - our forefathers - and they will be reenacting for you the vast pageant of our historic heritage. And "this heritage tells the story of America's growth, trials, accomplishments, and goals. It provides the key to understanding the present and planning for the future." Carl Sandburg (who has written the first chapter, entitled "Freedom's Capital") commented: "There has never been a book like it."

And to close this letter to you, dear Reader, may I say too - are you wondering where to go on your next vacation trip? Read this book!

Oh, did you ask: "What is its title?" AMERICA'S HISTORYLANDS - subtitle - Landmarks of Liberty. And you can borrow it from our Public Library - just ask Miss Samuels for the newest book recommended by your

Cousin Book-Worm.

NEW MEMBERS

Miss Alice Andrew  
Mr. E. V. Rutherford  
Mrs. Irene S. Rutherford  
Mr. Robert S. Britton  
Mr. Robert L. Meek, Sr.  
Mr. Loren Garner  
Mrs. Loren Garner

OCCASION: Annual Fall Field Trip  
DATE: Sunday afternoon  
October 14th., 1962  
TIME: 2 P. M.-EST.  
PLACE: Courthouse yard  
Greensburg, Indiana

Due to unforeseen complications arising from the construction of Interstate 74 Highway, the proposed fall field trip which was to follow the Underground Railroad, had to be cancelled. Instead, the tour this year will take us to downtown Greensburg, off and on the Square. Plans are being formulated to make four stops, and for the hardier members, this could be a walking tour - the rest of us will drive our cars. There will be guides to explain the points of interest, for the Square, like every other square abounds in local history and it should all come out on this occasion. The Society will serve the usual coffee and doughnuts during the social hour to be held at the close of the meeting.

RAIN DATE

In the event of rain, the trip will be postponed until the following Sunday.

BRING AS MANY GUESTS AS YOU WISH!  
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1962

President-----Paul H. Huber  
1st Vice-President-----Walter B. Lowe  
2nd Vice-President---Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Corresponding Secy.---Mrs. Chas. Loucks  
131 W. Central Ave.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Recording Secy.---Miss Helen K. Bussell  
711 N. East St.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Treasurer-----William Parker



### THE LAST MEETING

Members attending answered to roll call by giving the name of their favorite teacher. It followed that most everyone had a favorite teacher except for one of our members, who said that he had never gone to school!!! Two of the husbands stated that their wives had been their best teacher..... The matter of incorporating the Society as a non-profit organization, was presented to the group for the first time. The motion was made and carried unanimously. In view of the Riley bequest and for other good reasons, this seems the proper thing to do. Steps are now being taken to that end.... By courtesy of The Travelers Insurance Co., a film was shown, entitled THE BEST MAN. The picture with sound portrayed many of the past presidential campaigns, touching on such phases as Abraham Lincoln leaving Springfield to incidents in "the smoke-filled rooms" of the Harding campaign. Martin Gabel, the well known TV personality, was outstanding as William Jennings Bryan in his famous "cross of gold" speech. The Rev. Grester Kemp of the Greensburg Methodist showed the film..... Approximately sixty attended.

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1861-1865

Head Qrs.-134th Ind. Vols.

Decatur, Alabama June 29th., 1864

SPECIAL ORDER)

No. 12 )

The commanding officer learns with regret that a continuous system of larceny and thieving has been going on throughout this regiment. This must be stopped. Commissioned officers will take pains to detect and punish such as stealing in a severe and exemplary manner. If any one loses an article of value and has reasonable grounds to suspect either the guilty person or the company by whom it was taken, he will report at once to these Hd. Qrs. and suitable means will be taken to detect the guilty parties.

By Order of

James Gavin

Col. Commanding

A. J. Hungate  
Adjutant

ed's note - Decatur County had four companies in this regiment. We are reminded of Gen. Winfield Hancock's classic statement - "I wouldn't give a \_\_\_\_\_ for a soldier that wouldn't lie and steal." By these standards the 134th. was a good outfit.

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### RECENTLY ACQUIRED

1. A photostatic copy of the DECATUR CLARION dated April 7, 1849 - Orville Thomson, editor. The entire front page is devoted to the trial and conviction of Luther A. Donnell, indicted for aiding and abetting in the escape of slaves. Original copy by courtesy of Mr. Robert H. Fee.
2. A photostatic copy of a wall map of Rush and Decatur counties with town plats, published in Philadelphia in 1867. The map also shows the names of the land owners of that period. Original copy by courtesy of the Indiana State Library.



INTERSTATE 74

Our out-of-town members may not be aware of it but there is history in the making in Decatur County. We refer to the construction of a super highway, I-74, extending from the Shelby county line West of St. Omer to the Franklin county line East of New Point.

Men and machines are working around the clock, doing their utmost to erase the landmarks so familiar to us. Gone now is the Hamilton School on the road to Sandusky, to make way for the so-called Greensburg Interchange. Here in the building is to be a cloverleaf, covering some forty acres, with its maze of ramps, overpasses, signs and drainage structures. Again one would hardly recognize the once familiar Barnes corner located at the sharp bend in the Concrete Road (if you are going to Kingston) because of the new highway crossing there. To make possible the approaches, the Burney Humphrey home - known to the oldsters as the Stagg place - has been completely removed from the scene. But you will recognize the "upper reaches" of Sand Creek and the steel bridge - nobody can change Sand Creek - at least not very much. If you are East-bound, McCoy Lake will be South of you or on your right but Smiths Crossing will come back into its own for the highway emerges there with nothing but another overpass to disturb the landscape. Farther on, bearing slightly to the left, we cross the Quarry road (the New Point quarry that is) which is to be blocked, except for a parallel service road. New Point is to have its interchange on the Rosburg road with the usual maze and forty acres taken for highway purposes. The historic - nostalgic is perhaps the better word - three arch stone bridge at Volks on the Franklin county line, will be on our left only a scant quarter mile away - you can't change Salt Creek either very much, and so on into Franklin county and to Batesville, the next interchange.

West-bound from Greensburg and two miles out, will be a partial interchange, whereby you can get on, enroute to Indianapolis or if returning you can leave the highway for the more familiar U. S. 421 which will put you in Greensburg in minutes. In this particular area, you will have to look about carefully to find the sites of former homes - the Gordon Templeton place for one. They are all gone. Farther on is Clifty but again the panorama is new. New vistas will be opened to you and save for curves in the alignment, one can see for miles. Then to the next watershed, that of Flat Rock. An immense bridge, rather two of them side by side span this historic stream, with high fills crossing the bottoms. Gone will be the deer that roamed there in those fastnesses and the cranes will seek other series in places more remote.

This crossing will be the fourth such. The original wooden structure downstream one quarter mile is marked by its stone abutments, still standing. We have been told that this early bridge was burned for the express purpose of getting a new one, to be located on higher ground above flood waters. History has it too, that there was an act of violence here - that a man was hanged, others say that his body was merely dumped here - the end result was the same. The second bridge located still farther downstream was of steel and replaced in the early thirties by the present structure, so often quoted as the "dangerous St. Omer bridge" and the scene of many accidents. As compensation for many of us, that part of the old Michigan road as we know it, beyond Pleaks Hill, winding its way, ever keeping on the high ground until and after it crosses Flat Rock, will be for local traffic only, but what a pleasure it will be to drive it, if only out for the afternoon to enjoy a bit of good old Hoosier sunshine.



Now back to the right-of-way and ascending the grade to St. Omer, perhaps a quarter of a mile from the river, just off the highway and on your right, on an eminence, one will find the Sanford family burial plot. The stones say that Isaac Sanford, husband of Miriam and father of Angeline died in 1821. What a vantage point for the Sanfords! Farther on almost to the outskirts of St. Omer and on your left, again not to be disturbed, is to be found the last resting place of the Isleys - Phillip, Solomon and the others. St. Omer will be bypassed and many of us will not bother to stop there again. Now except for crossing Mill Creek we are on the high ground again and approaching the county line where there will be the interchange for St. Paul and thence into Shelby county. One is bewildered by it all, especially where the land marks have disappeared and one has to look about sharply to get his bearings. Unlike our highways, the streams do not change materially and it is our inborn respect for the dead that the places of burial remain intact. The streams and the cemeteries are our best monuments. The approaches to Greensburg will be different. To what extent bypassing the city will affect it, remains to be seen. But it will be different. Born of necessity, the change will come about at the expense of our traditions and our landmarks - this is progress. Yes the largest undertaking ever to take place in Decatur County, is history in the making.

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### SOUVENIR OF GREENSBURG

by

Floy P. Batterton

No period in Indiana's history is so inspiring as the pioneer days with all its colorful and powerful personalities. I am often reminded that our generation is the last living link binding the present to those days of long ago.

Most of us remember well, in our childhood, respected elderly persons, dear grandmothers and even great grandmothers who were early settlers in Indiana. And they transmitted to us, by their dignity of character and individualism, a respect and love for the past, which our children will never know.

It is therefore, with greatest pleasure and pride that I recall the history of our little city and its noble citizens.

In 1819 the treaty of St. Marys, or the New Purchase was signed with the Delaware Indians, whereby the State of Indiana acquired approximately thirty-five counties in the Central and Southeastern part of the state for \$13,000. The land was immediately surveyed and opened for settlement.

Young men were seeking adventure, in those days, and many joined surveying parties sent out by the Federal Government. The party which carved our Decatur County was a group of young fellows from Westmorland County, Pennsylvania. Thomas Hendricks was the head surveyor, assisted by John and Silas Stewart, James Gageby, Sam and Ed Hueston and Samuel Logan. All of them friends and neighbors in Pennsylvania.

Apparently Decatur County looked as good to them in 1820 as it does to us today, for all of them eventually located in this vicinity. "Col." Hendricks as he was called immediately entered land and built a large double cabin at a spot which is today the three hundred block on East Central Avenue. This cabin was destined to play an important role in our local history.



"Col." Hendricks was one of four brothers, who came to Indiana in her earliest days, and did more to develop this section of the state than any other one family. They were unusual in their abilities and definitely born to be leaders. Two brothers located at Madison, one in Shelbyville and one in Greensburg. From this group came Indiana's first representative to Congress - her second governor - her third U. S. Senator - a state Senator and Representative and later a Vice President of the United States. As Rev. Will Logan (of Springhill) once said "Truly they were a leaven of culture in our midst."

When the Hendricks cabin was completed, the Col. went at once to bring his family - his wife, five daughters and two small sons. They made the trip by flat boat to Madison, Indiana. While enroute, little Daniel fell overboard and was drowned in the waters of the Ohio. But the little family pushed bravely on to their new home in the wilderness of Decatur County, arriving in January 1821.

Settlers came into the New Purchase rapidly and very soon a small settlement sprang up about this Hendricks cabin. The Col. good looking, shrewd and capable easily became its leader, and his home its civic center.

Court convened there, religious services were held, a post office maintained, and even the lonely traveler found board and lodgings. All the young bachelors of the settlement made their home there. This was a wise move on the part of the father of five marriageable daughters: Three of them did eventually marry John and Silas Stewart and Henry Talbott.

The legislature of 1821 passed an act providing for the organization of the county, and at the same time Gov. Jennings, the first governor appointed a commission of five to locate the county seat. They were to appear in May 1822, but owing to the impassable spring roads did not arrive until June 12.

Three tracts of land had been offered for the site, one was 100 acres by Hendricks and Walker. Joe English offered a site at Turner's Quarry and Richard Hall, the land which is now the farm of Mary and Harry Fenley. The tract donated by Hendricks and Walker was chosen, and as a result, there was much bad feeling. Charges were then made of political favoritism or "log rolling as it was then called.

Since William Hendricks was by this time Governor and knowing the way of politicians, it might have been. Is it any wonder, that Greensburgers take their politics so seriously: since their fair city was conceived and born in a political atmosphere?

The next important thing was to name the new village. Tradition says, that Mrs. Hendricks and daughters suggested Greensburg for their old home in Pennsylvania and all the young men, admiring the daughters, readily voted for it. Greensburg was first spelled with an h and Indiana abbreviated Ia. but the h was dropped and the abbreviation changed to Ind. when Iowa became a state, to avoid confusion.

It had taken several days for the commission to complete details, and it was not until June 14th that Greensburg celebrated her first birthday. We should, by rights, hang out two flags on June 14, one for the birthday of our flag, the other for our city.

During the summer of '22 the town was laid out. Its center was the public square surrounded by two blocks deep on all sides, making 36 lots in all. This is still known as the original plat.



David and James Gageby were early settlers from Pennsylvania. They were skilled cabinet workers and made beautiful furniture. Their fiddle back chairs stand in many of our homes today. Both were prominent in church life, too. It is said David called the Presbyterians to worship by blowing on a long horn as he stood before the door of the old church. We are told he died of "winter fever" now called pneumonia. James Gageby's daughter Sara Anne Montgomery often told that her mother made maple syrup from the trees which grew on the site of the courthouse.

In 1825 elaborate plans were made for a courthouse and the center of the square cleared for that purpose. It was to be a two story brick building 40 x 40. Its center to be the center of the public square and its cost \$2,000. By 1827 it was finished and occupied, standing in all its glory within a yard full of stumps enclosed by a high board fence. This building was used for about thirty years and then condemned and wrecked.

The present building was begun at once but not finished for seven years. Its committee on plans was Barton Wilson - I. G. Monfort and B. W. Harney. This building has always been admired and William Jennings Bryan said "It was the most beautiful example of gothic architecture, he had ever seen."

The old board fence was later replaced by an imposing wrought iron one with gates kept tightly closed to exclude the wandering cows and pigs. Wandering animals were the source of much complaint and one early ordinance demanded that pigs have rings in their noses if they ran loose. The issue of a later town election was: "Shall cows and sows be allowed to run at large?"

Outside the courthouse fence was the hitching rack. It was lined from early morning till late at night with horses and wagons. Farmers were awarded contracts to clean the surface twice a month.

After the building of the first courthouse in 1827 the village grew steadily and was incorporated as a town ten years later with a population of five hundred. By that time the square and vicinity was dotted with homes and stores, hemmed in by the virgin forest. Many of them were built of logs and some of brick but nearly all served as both homes and shops.

It was an era of small industries. Lack of transportation made it necessary for communities to rely upon their own resources. Small shops and mills sprang up everywhere and flourished for years. The public square, as today, was the center of life.

The first manufacturing enterprise was Ramsay's brick yard on the present Catholic church location. A hat factory belonging to the Jamesons opened its doors on the public square in 1825. A woolen mill stood at Main and Lincoln. It was run by water power and ruins of the mill are still to be found. Across the street on the Floyd Barnes and Turner lots was a tanning yard. A pottery stood where the old Christian home is and was a favorite visiting place of children who loved to watch the potter at his wheel.

On the Masonic Temple site the Craig Family wove their famous coverlets. People came for miles around bringing their wool, to leave orders and choose from the intricate patterns.

The first Tavern was built by Col. Hendricks on the site of the Taylor Hotel. It was run by Joseph McKinney. Meals were served for 25 cents and whiskey for 25 cents



a pint. There was a large waiting room for travelers and also a large bar. Mail and travelers came by stage coach drawn by four horses. As the stagecoach came into town the driver blew a bugle and everyone gathered at the Tavern to see the stage unload. The driver then took his horses to "Gas" creek for water and washed their legs of mud.

In 1830 James Freeman was given a permit for a store at Washington and North Franklin and erected the building which is now Gemmills. It is probably the oldest store building standing. The Freemans were well to do merchants for long years and lived where John Porter does now. Mr. Freeman was a devout Methodist and often acted as a lay preacher but evidently his sons were not so strait laced, for gossip says, their old house was lost to the Dannacher family for a poker debt. At any rate it was moved to South Franklin where it is today the property of Mrs. Lamney. It is a beautiful example of early American architecture.

Shortly after the Freemans came, Gabrielle Woodfill opened a store on the Union Trust corner and for three generations this business continued. It was always a popular loafing place for men. As some one said, "It was the clearing house for all financial and popular news of the day." When James Freeman bought the first two horse carriage - Gabrielle Woodfill, his business rival said, "he would certainly go broke with such foolish extravagance."

Col. Hendricks built the store which Snyder and Chitwood now occupy and which belongs to the Lillian Turner estate. Mrs. Turner told me her abstract records only three transfers of the property.

Joseph Monfort and A. R. Forsythe lived in a double house midway of the south side of the square and here Mr. Forsythe opened the first bank which at the beginning was a private bank. Both Mrs. Monfort and Mrs. Forsythe who were sisters were very cultured and refined and did much to set a pattern of living for Greensburg, which was maintained for many years. Mr. Forsythe too was an extremely cultured gentleman who traveled in Europe and was a connoisseur of art. He built the Rev. Smith house at North and Franklin and largely planned the present Presbyterian Church. As a little girl I loved to peep through the picket fence at the beautiful landscaped grounds about this home with beautiful formal flower beds and little graveled paths winding in and out.

The first church of the town was built by the Presbyterians in 1830 on the lot of the present Baptist church. Five years later the Methodists built theirs on North Franklin where their parsonage is now. It was later used as a dwelling and became the home of the Kessing family. The Christians or Campbellites as they were then called built theirs on South Broadway at Railroad. This was then a fashionable part of town sporting the homes of Financier Lovett, the Shirks-Foleys and others.

After the coming of the railroad the elite found a new neighborhood farther north, and south of the tracks was sneered upon. It became known as Irishtown owing to the many Irish laborers who had drifted in.

Later the Presbyterians sold their old church to the struggling Baptists and built on their present location. Social life of the day centered about the church. The records of the Presbyterian session report an oyster supper prepared by Mrs. Forsythe. Being an Eastern woman she alone knew how to make an oyster stew.

No provision was made for public schools until 1852. Previous to this all education was received at subscription schools. Parents paying so much per pupil per



term. These schools were very primitive and teacher requirements meager. "Just to read a little and write a little was enough." But discipline was rigid.

The legislature however passed an act in 1824 requiring a seminary in every county that students might prepare for the new State University. Ten years later the one in Decatur County was finished and stood at McKee and South Franklin. It still stands as always but serving today as an apartment house. Its first teacher was "Prof" May assisted by Mr. Riggs a Princeton man and brother of Mrs. Forsythe.

Their first students were "Jimmy" Lathrop who studied Latin at nine years of age, three Hazelrigg sisters, Mary, Margaret and Nancy and three Thomsons, Camilla, Origin and Orville.

The Thomsons had moved in from the Kingston neighborhood when Greensburg was thirteen years old. Their father established in 1835 the first successful newspaper known as the Repository, which advocated the sound Whig principles of the day. The family continues to dispense the same type of news today.

The old Seminary flourished for many years until high schools were provided. Its later teachers included members of the Hendricks and Nyce families and Davies Batterton, who was graduated from Indiana University in 1847 and came here to teach. He afterwards was an active citizen - a druggist, an editor and a politician, which may account for the political weaknesses of some of his descendants.

By 1859 Greensburg had outgrown her swaddling clothes and became a city with Richard Thompson as the first mayor. Mr. Thompson and his wife lived at the corner of North and East Streets for many years as we all remember. Councilmen were Lovett - Sefton - Ross - Phares Boyer and Henry Doles, who lived in the house now owned by Mrs. Sam Bonner. It was surrounded by an acreage which later became Doles Addition. The first year after the incorporation twelve citizens paid more than \$100 in taxes. They were David Lovett, A. R. Forsythe, the Lathrops, the Woodfills, John Scobey and J. P. Hittle - representing the wealth of the new city.

Although the new State constitution had provided for public schools, it was not until 1862 that prejudice against them was overcome and a building erected. It stood on Monfort Street and there most of us received our schooling. It was much expanded later but a subject of controversy to its dying day.

During the process of its building a workman fell from the scaffold and was killed. For many years, tradition says his ghost lurked in the basement. As a result discipline was a simple matter. No one wanted to be banished to the basement.

Greensburg points with pride to her Civil War heroes. Being a hot bed of abolitionists, there was perhaps more enthusiasm here than any other section of the Union, and one week after the shot on Fort Sumter two hundred sixty men had volunteered and left for the war. As they left men, women and children wept bitterly in the streets.

Gen. Wilder led the famous Wilder's Brigade to which a monument was erected in Chattanooga. Gen. Wilder returned to Greensburg after the war and built the home of Charles Johnston on East Main. Dr. Joel Hitt was Surgeon General of his Brigade. Dr. Hitt was a distinguished looking gentleman very tall with broad shoulders and as an old old man always wore his black frock coat, his beribboned eye glasses and his tall silk hat. Col. John Scobey was honored by Gov. Morton to recruit and lead Company A of the 68th Regiment. And General Ira Grover became an illustrious general receiving honors for his service. Gov. Cumback, our most distinguished



citizen, was paymaster for the Union Army. During the war he paid out sixty million dollars and so accurate were his accounts that he closed his books in three days when the rebellion ended.

Mr. Cumback was a member of Congress before the war and as a Presidential elector cast the first Republican vote of Indiana. It was for Abraham Lincoln, a close personal friend of Mr. Cumback. It was through his influence that Mr. Lincoln visited Greensburg in 1861. His train stopped for ten minutes. Mr. Lincoln appeared on the platform and pleasantly greeted a crowd of about two thousand people. The crowd sang "Flag of the Union" and the band played "Hail Columbia." At the close "Uncle Joe" Doakes, a town character ran up and gave Mr. Lincoln a big red apple. It was a day proudly recalled forever after. The Standard in its comments next day said "Mr. Lincoln was better looking than we had expected."

Some of us remember a wizened little man who drove a dray for many years, but few thought of him as a hero. And yet long after the Civil War in 1894 he received a letter from Washington asking if he were the Reuben Smalley who planted the flag on the ramparts at Vicksburg. He said "He didn't know what in thunder they wanted" but he wrote them he was the man, and in return received the only Congressional Medal to be awarded a Greensburg soldier.

As the years went by the city grew more and more prosperous. The younger generation was reaping the benefits of their parents energy and thrift. As the 80's approached people sought amusement and amusement centers were developed.

Old Hoosier Hall or the Grand Opera House (which is now the Elks) became the scene of Balls, Bazaars and elaborate home talent shows. At least once a year a traveling troupe arrived to give Uncle Tom's Cabin, parading their ferocious bloodhounds through the street to arouse interest. Minstrels and various stage shows too were often enjoyed.

In the late 80's a roller skating craze swept over the country. There were skating rinks everywhere. At the peak of the enthusiasm a building called the rink was built at Washington and Monfort. Roller skating was so popular that the Greensburg band was mounted on skates and went around giving exhibitions. After the skating craze was over the big old rink was used for large gatherings of all sorts until badly damaged by fire. It was here that the famous K. of P. circus was held.

Bicycle riding and racing also entered the picture. The Fourth of July celebration of 1886 featured a bicycle race on North Franklin which was won by the late Oscar Miller.

One of our modern novelists says: "There never was so favorable a period in which to grow up as those years from the 80's to the late 90's. Before speed came into the world, as the serpent came into Eden and destroyed all tranquility." It was my privilege to grow up at that time and my own recollections of Greensburg begin in the late 80's. They cluster about my grandmother's home on North Broadway where I spent so much time for babysitters were unknown then.

I remember Greensburg as a warm and friendly town, where everyone knew everyone else, great leafy trees lining the streets, wide brick pavements. Little white picket fences enclosed every yard with little gates on which children loved to swing. Among familiar sights I remember Daniel Davis and his milk wagon. With an ear trumpet in one hand and a long dipper in the other he ladled milk into the customers pitchers with never a thought of dust or flies. I remember Stegmair's



bakery wagon with its revolving trays of beautiful cookies clanging its bell in the street and tempting hungry children. The pathetic sight of orphans from the Home on Walnut Street where the Junior High is now walking two by two down the street to Sunday School followed by their little hunchbacked teacher Miss Bonfay. Mose Wallace with his little ladder going from corner to corner to light the little twinkling street lamps for the night. The thrill of great torchlight processions, campaign parades, and best of all the wonderful County Fair. No wonder Greensburg was a glamorous place to a little girl.

The "Gay 90's" were as gay in Greensburg as they were anywhere, with just as much formality and grandeur only on a smaller scale. Beautiful homes, elaborate clothes and social affairs were the vogue. If you think life was dull then just listen to its social life.

Large receptions were fashionable and guests often came in horse drawn cabs. Harpists came from the city and played sweet music and flowers were in profusion. Receptions gave way to euchre parties and then in turn to whist. It was not unusual to have twenty or twenty-five tables at play. Outside of borrowing everyones china and silver, entertaining was not difficult for Betsy Riley or Lucy Brooks took over and served luncheons fit for a king. Betsy usually brought the white coated Monroe to serve and Lucy always made her way in to speak to the guests that they might know for sure who made the rolls..

Minear's dressmakers Rose Donnell and Ella Thompson gowned the fashionable ladies from far and near. Their instructions were "use all the trimmings possible" and they followed those orders faithfully.

Those were truly days of gracious living and culture filled the air. Matrons were determined to improve their minds and formed musical and literary clubs on all sides and lengthy papers were read, then, as now.

Many civic improvements came to us during those years: the water system was installed, the telephone and the great natural gas boom brought comfort to our homes. "As long as I live those years will be the golden age of Greensburg."

In my research reading I found unlimited numbers of interesting facts, I regret they must be omitted. But in closing may I mention just one more?

Long ago in 1870 - some inquiring soul was looking about the landscape with a spy glass and discovered a twig growing on the courthouse tower. The twig grew and flourished bringing fame to our city. Sometimes there was one, sometimes more, but always the object of interest and publicity.

I like to think of that tree as a symbol of our pioneer fathers, who held aloft the principles of right living: and who, by their vitality and tenacity overcame the uncertainties of life to found and develop Greensburg.

Prof. Hunter who conducted the Teachers Institute in 1881 wrote these lines - -

"May God bless the Angels and God bless the men,  
Who planted for a future hour,  
And God bless the shade of our maples, and then,  
The tree on the top of the tower."



THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Volume 1 - No. 16

Greensburg, Indiana

December 1, 1962

EARLY BIRDS

Why not be prepared to renew your membership at the dinner meeting, for the coming year and thus qualify as an EARLY BIRD? Your card will be waiting for you.

And as a suggestion - a dollar membership for an interested friend, makes an excellent Christmas gift.

COMMITTEES

ANNUAL DINNER MEETING

Audit

Miss Kathryn Taney, ch.  
Mrs. Bertha Alexander

Nominations

Mr. Homer G. Meek, ch.  
Mrs. Gertrude Day  
Miss Martha Samuels

IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO COME FOR DINNER, FEEL FREE TO ATTEND THE MEETING LATER. EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

OCCASION: Fourth Annual Dinner Meeting and Election of Officers.

SPEAKER: Mr. Virgil E. Davis

DATE: Saturday, December 15, 1962, 6:30 P. M. Fast Time

PLACE: Presbyterian Church, N. E. corner Public Square, Greensburg, Indiana. Entrance on Washington Street.

DINNER RESERVATIONS

Please cooperate by using the reservation blank to be found elsewhere in this issue of the BULLETIN.

Mail reservations to be received not later than Wednesday, December 12th.

Dinner tickets are \$1.50 each. For further information call either of the following:

Mrs. Paul H. Huber 663-6866  
Miss Helen K. Bussell 663-3134

Virgil E. Davis, the author of "THROUGH OUR YEARS--The Story of Brookville," a past president of the Franklin County Historical Society and an instructor in the Brookville High School, comes to us very well recommended as our speaker for the evening. Franklin County first settled in 1803 some sixteen years before our own, is eminent among the early counties organized in the state for having produced more than its quota of famous men--leaders both on state and national levels. Mr. Davis will discuss the lives and influence of these men particularly as they concern Decatur County, along with the part that the Brookville Land Office played in our development.



The following members have qualified as EARLY BIRDS and are in good standing for 1963.

Bailey, Mr. I. R.  
Bailey, Mrs. I. R.  
Ball, Mr. Collins  
Ball, Mrs. Collins  
Ball, Mrs. Pauline  
Ball, Mr. Winston  
Barnette, Mrs. Elizabeth  
Batterton, Mrs. D. A.  
Batterton, Mrs. Floy  
Borchers, Mrs. Marie  
Craig, Mr. Edgar  
Day, Mrs. Gertrude  
Day, Mr. Thomas H.  
Easley, Mrs. Walter  
Eckel, Mrs. Florine S.  
Emmert, Miss Mary K.  
Fulton, Mr. Ray  
Garner, Mr. Loren  
Garner, Mrs. Loren  
Guilkey, Mr. Frank  
Guilkey, Mrs. Loretta  
Hall, Mr. Robert D.  
Hamilton, Mr. Paul  
Hogue, Mrs. J. David  
Holcomb, Lt. Col. Wm. L.  
House, Mr. Harry  
House, Mrs. Harry  
Huber, Miss Julia

Jackson, Mr. Elias  
Jackson, Mrs. Elias  
Keen, Mr. Charles M.  
Keen, Mrs. Charles M.  
Lanham, Mrs. Ethel E.  
Loper, Mrs. Adaline  
Lowe, Mr. Marsh  
Marlin, Mr. Charles F.  
Marlin, Mrs. Helen B.  
Martin, Mr. Willard  
Martin, Mrs. Willard  
Meek, Mr. Homer G.  
Meek, Mrs. Homer G.  
Meek, Mr. Robert L., Sr.  
Meyer, Mrs. Jean Perry  
Morrish, Mrs. Mary R.  
McDermitt, Mrs. S. H.  
Osburn, Mr. Charles  
Osburn, Mrs. Charles  
Parker, Mr. John E.  
Parker, Mr. William W.  
Peek, Mrs. V. T.  
Smirnoff, Mrs. Margaret M.  
Smith, Mrs. Jessie  
Tillson, Miss Florine  
Tillson, Miss Marguerite  
Williams, Mrs. Shirley A.  
Wyant, Mrs. Margaret

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NEW MEMBERS

Lt. Col. William L. Holcomb  
Alexandria, Virginia  
Mrs. H. S. McDermitt  
Mr. Marsh Lowe  
West Lafayette, Indiana  
Mr. Harry House  
Mrs. Harry House  
Mr. Charles M. Keen  
Knightstown, Indiana  
Mrs. Charles M. Keen  
Knightstown, Indiana

THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1962

President-----Paul H. Huber  
1st. Vice-President----Walter B. Lowe  
2nd. Vice-President-Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Corresponding Secy.--Mrs. Chas. Loucks  
131 W. Central Ave.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Recording Secy.--Miss Helen K. Bussell  
711 N. East St.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Treasurer-----William Parker



The Anti-slavery Movement in the Kingston (Ind.) Presbyterian Church  
by  
Mary Rankin February 1928

As a background for this paper it is necessary to give a brief history of the organization of the Kingston Presbyterian Church. Of official records of the Kingston Church in its early years we have only the first session book covering the years from December 1823 to 1837. The records show a service to have been held in December 1823 at the home of Samuel D. Henry on the farm now known as that of Miss Jennie Throp. Rev. John Moreland, a minister well known in Kentucky, preached to the families of the community and those present who were Presbyterians before coming to Indiana associated themselves to form the Concord - later the Sand Creek, Presbyterian Church, and chose Samuel Donnell, John Hopkins, John C. McCoy and William O. Ross as elders. In September, 1824, Father Dickey, beloved pioneer preacher of Kentucky and south-western Indiana, visited the congregation for two days and officially received the church into Presbytery (probably Madison). These meetings were held in the home of Cyrus Hamilton, a house that stood a few rods west of the barn on the farm where T. M. Hamilton now lives. Again, nearly a year later, Father Dickey held meetings at Cyrus Hamiltons' home. This does not mean that no meetings were held in the meantime, for prayer meetings and instruction of children in the Bible and doctrine were conducted every Sunday in the homes of the elders.

The first minister, Rev. S. G. Lowry, began his work in June of 1826 and the first log meeting-house was erected. It was at this time also that twelve members withdrew to form with others the Presbyterian church of Greensburg. These were the families of Hendricks, Gageby, Ross and John Hopkins.

The first log church was erected in the cemetery ground opposite the present building. It is described as being built of "poplar logs" nicely hewn and with chinks well and neatly pointed. The next building was of brick, built in 1836, a little to the north and farther from the road. The New School church erected a building of logs in 1840 on the site of the present school building and after twelve years this became the school building. The New school or Free Church then built in 1854 a frame church on the lot opposite the manse. This served the congregation till the present building was erected in 1882. and was burned in 1892 after serving as a social hall for ten years. The bricks from the old building which stood in the cemetery now form the front part of the manse as it stands today.

The following paper was written at the request of Rev. Lucian V. Rule and is to be incorporated in a volume with other histories of anti-slavery churches.

The early history of the Kingston church is inseparable from the anti-slavery and temperance movements, and its survival to celebrate its centennial is an indication of the stuff of which its founders were made. The majority of the families that composed its first prayer meetings had belonged to the Concord church near Carlisle, Kentucky, and remained steadfast in Presbyterian faith and doctrine when that church was torn asunder during the pastorate of Barton Stone.



Though they had lost their church buildings, they called to their pastorate in 1819, the young Rev. John Rankin, who with his wife and child, was traveling northward from Tennessee toward free country. There was already an abolition society among them and Mr. Rankin continued to confirm them in that faith as well as to combat the teachings of Dr. Stone with reiteration of Presbyterian doctrine. Slavery became so distasteful to these people that family after family left between the years 1821 and 1823, till the Concord church grew too small to support a pastor, and the colony in Indiana, with pioneers from Pennsylvania, grew large enough to form a church. The Rev. John Rankin went to the church at Ripley, Ohio, and continued his anti-slavery and temperance work there. He kept in touch with his friends in Indiana, and after his fellow-workers in Kentucky, the Rev. John R. Moreland, organized the Sand Creek Church in 1825, Mr. Rankin sent his brother-in-law, Samuel Lowry, to be its first pastor in 1826 and his brother, Alexander Rankin to hold a "camp meeting." He, himself, held a "camp meeting" in the neighborhood in 1850 or 1851. In 1860 he asked the church to consider his son, Rev. Arthur Tappan Rankin, for their pastor and thus began Dr. Rankin's long pastorate of thirty years. During this time the father was often an honored guest in his son's pulpit, and among Mr. Rankin's publications was the life of Samuel Donnell, the senior elder of the early Sand Creek Church.

Had all the members of this little church been under this influence, or had all been true to the teachings they had received in the old church in Kentucky, or had all the ministers been whole-heartedly on the side of the abolition of human slavery and liquor, its history would have been very different. As early as 1832 opposition to the anti-slavery groups was felt, and Mr. Lowry resigned, to be followed by one who "connived with the more active to wrest the church from the hands of the abolitionists." The result was finally the withdrawal of a minority from membership and the formation of a new church, March 4, 1837.

"The undersigned members of Sand Creek church, believe that in the providence of God we are placed in circumstances that we must either relinquish certain principles or retain an unequal standing among our brethren. After careful and mature consideration of the circumstances under which we are placed by the action of those with whom we are associated and from whom we have no desire to be separated, could we fraternize without being placed under disabilities in forwarding and promoting a cause which we believe justice requires at our hands under a sense of the duties we owe to God, our children and our fellow men, we have come to the conclusion that it is our duty to separate ourselves from our present connection and to associate and constitute ourselves into an independent church, to be known by the name of the Independent Congregational Church of Sand Creek." But its articles of faith read like those of any Presbyterian church, and the members even elected ruling elders who performed the usual duties pertaining to the office. The two congregations built and used the same church for a time, but when the building was fully paid for it was decided by arbitration that it belonged to the older body, and the new congregation had to use the school house for its services.

When General Assembly divided into the two bodies now known as Old School and New School in 1837, and it was thought that the New School would be anti-slavery, the new groups joined that organization and



shared pastors with the New School church in Greensburg. During this time a small church building was erected. By 1850 the church "was becoming restless and impatient because, in spite of years of labor and remonstrance, slavery seemed to be intrenching itself more and more firmly in the New School church." During the pastorate of the Rev. Benjamin Nyce, the decision was made to withdraw from the New School and unite with the Felicity (Ohio) Presbytery of the Free Presbyterian church. This was a Presbytery that their Kentucky pastor, Mr. Rankin, had helped to form, and he came that year to hold a series of meetings which helped to fortify the members in their faith.

The Old School church with its larger membership and more permanent denominational connections, flourished until the late fifties when removals weakened it. It was one of the pastors of this church, the Rev. John C. King, who gave his name to the village and church. When, in 1861 the Rev. Arthur Tappan Rankin, was called to the pastorate of the Free church, the remaining members of the older church were ready to be re-united in one community church and faced together the years of the war and the reconstruction of churches as well as states. One writer says of Dr. Rankin, "his ancestry, his early training, as well as his own personality, made him peculiarly acceptable to the Kingston people," and during the thirty years of his pastorate the church made its greatest growth.

In March 1864 it was received again into the Indianapolis Presbytery of the New School church.

Miss Camilla Donnell, speaking of the Free Presbyterian church in her history of the Kingston church says - "We cannot resist the conviction that this worthy body of reformers contained a good many cranks, and Kingston probably had its full share, both of preachers and members. But our fathers were happily unconscious of the word. They went on their way quite regardless of the ridicule or prejudice of the outside world, with temperance and abolition written on their door-posts, reading and circulating abolition books and papers, attending distant anti-slavery conventions, running with great success their branch of the underground railroad, voting the most extreme reform tickets and doing their humble best to turn the world upside-down. Like all reformers, their zeal was not always according to discretion, but they left behind them a glorious record, the precious heritage of their children's children, down to the present generation."

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#### THIS AND THAT

COL. HOWARD H. BATES - We regret to announce - this on the eve of our annual dinner meeting - that Col. Howard H. Bates, our speaker on these last two occasions, died suddenly July 23rd in Denver, Colorado, while on a business trip. An outstanding public speaker, he was very much in demand, particularly before historical groups. He was the unanimous favorite of this Society. A great voice has been stilled.

TILGER - Justine Tharp Tilger, an assistant editor of INDIANA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, is a native of Decatur County and a graduate of St. Paul High School. She succeeds Mary Lou Thielking of Batesville, who likewise is related in this county.



DECATUR COUNTY - Thomas Daniel Martin born at Galetton, Ky. in 1825 was one of ten brothers to serve in the Civil War. The other nine were born in Decatur County. Mary Martin Coombs, a member living in Michigantown, Indiana is a daughter of Thomas Daniel Martin.

MEMBERSHIP - Open to everyone having an interest in history and his heritage. The annual dues are \$1.00 each, payable in advance. The fiscal year ends December 31st. Please direct all applications and renewals to the Recording Secretary.

ROBERT J. McCracken - "The greatest danger that faces this country is the danger of moral lassitude - liberty turned to license, rights demanded and duties shirked, the moral sense deteriorating, the traditions and standards of the nation weakened, the spiritual forces within it losing ground."

ADAMS TOWNSHIP - It has been stated that flat-boats bound for the New Orleans trade took off from Downeyville in the early days. Can this be further documented?

FIRST THINGS FIRST - Please send me by the Rock Creek stage, 100 pounds salt, 1/2 barrel brown sugar; 100 45-calibre Winchester cartridges, 10 gallons best sour mash whiskey--like the first sent. Also send me two woolen undershirts for a lady quite thick, two hoopskirts for a lady of some on bon point, and a corset for a girl of 15.

P. S. Send 50 pounds of coffee, a few late copies of the Weekly Boomerang, a copy of the New Testament and Psalms bound together, large print, and be very particular about the quality of the sour mash whiskey.

(A letter from a Wyoming ranchman of the 80's to his merchant in town, from the Laramie Daily Boomerang, February 12, 1884) (Contributed by Helena Huntington Smith) - AMERICAN HERITAGE.

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#### HISTORY VIA GLASSWARE

In America, glass making from the beginning has been closely tied in with our development as a nation. People who collect it seriously may find themselves concerned with the Indian trade at the Jamestown Settlement, or with Zachary Taylor's Mexican campaign.

The Pioneer glassmakers started to make glass almost as soon as their first shelters were up. As far as we know, they were making beads for the Indian trade at Jamestown in 1608, but none of this earliest American glass is around today.

The first glassmakers in this country whose names are familiar to collectors -- Casper Wistor, Henry William Stiegel, and John Frederick Amelung -- made chiefly bottle and window glass. Records show that in 1739 Wistor started a factory in southwestern New Jersey and produced nothing else commercially.

Many of these bottles and historic flasks were made to hold whiskey or some other alcoholic beverage. You can learn to date wine bottles by



their shape (the squat Wistorberg specimen is a hundred years older than the Mt. Vernon bottle), and patent-medicine bottles by looking up in old city directories the proprietors whose names appear on them. Some paper labels add to the fun.

The Historical flasks vary in rarity according to the way they combine size, color and motif, but even the commonest are fascinating. You can collect, just for amusement, such pious injunctions as "Use me but do not abuse me," or the simple label "Traveler's Companion," but if you have anything more to do with this group you can't help learning a good deal of American history. You will find, for instance, that the Captain Bragg flask refers to an incident in Zachary Taylor's Mexican War campaign; that Major Ringold was another hero of that War; that the phoenix on the Resurgam flask is a symbol of Baltimore's rebirth after the fire of 1850. Flasks come in conventional designs as well as historical. They were blown in full-size molds, mostly from 1820 to 1870. Some dear to the heart of collectors are the Captain Bragg, Wm. H. Harrison, the Unions, Baltimore's Monument, Masonic, Washington, Railroad, Major Ringold, Franklin, LaFayette, Pike's Peak, DeWitt Clinton, and Taylor campaign.

Much early American glassware is rare and expensive, but bottles of one kind or another, can be collected by anyone with a lively curiosity and a willingness to learn. They come in all price ranges; old "nostrum" bottles even turn up in junk heaps.

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#### HOME TOWN

(Poem by Roll B. Littell, navigation instructor at Washington University, Seattle, Washington)

Sitting here as the sun goes down,  
I'm lonely tonight for a little town.  
For an humble home far away.  
And on the corner wish to play,  
And know the pleasure and the joy,  
The carefree fun of a barefoot boy.

I see the courthouse standing there  
Imprisoned in the public square,  
Its iron fence and chain hitchrack,  
And the old interurban track.  
The wat'ring trough, the old band stand,  
And hear the silver cornet band.

I see trees growing on the tower,  
And hear the town clock strike the hour.  
Softly the chimes of first church ring  
And birds in trees and belfries sing.  
Turtle doves coo in maple trees,  
And larks trill in the tree top breeze.



I hear again the "east end" bell  
And children come from town and dell,  
The girls with "pig tails" down their back,  
And boys with marbles in a sack.  
Boys to the east and girls to the west,  
Don't cross the line in play or jest.

At the track in the old fair ground  
Are horses going 'round and 'round.  
Driving them are "Bill," George and "Buck,"  
And watching there are Lottic and "Duck."  
They could trot and pace in those days.  
There were blacks, "duns," sorrels and grays.

I see beside old "Gas" creek's bank,  
The woolen mill, the big gas tank.  
The foot ball field by Goddard's barn,  
The old bridge and the crawfish cairn,  
The reservoir beside the mill,  
And Zoller's mansion on the hill.  
The rolling clouds I see once more  
And hear again the thunder roar,  
The lightning's flash, the ravens cry,  
Myriads of blackbirds in the sky.  
I see old Sand creek and the fall,  
And hear once more the cat bird's call.

I pick the paw-paw from the tree,  
And crack the nut of the hickory.  
My hands are brown with walnut stain,  
In old "Long Hole" I swim again,  
I see the iron weed growing rank  
And pluck wild violets on the bank.

My dream is done, I'm back once more,  
Out by the sea, out on the shore,  
Out where the mountains meet the sky.  
My dream is done and yet I sigh,  
Again to be a barefoot boy  
And know again my boyhood joy.

And this I know; There ne'er shall be  
No town on earth so dear to me,  
No place, no clime, no sky so blue,  
No sun so bright, no friends so true,  
No ones so loved as those back home,  
To whom I send this little poem.

ed.--Rolland B. Littell was born in Greensburg  
and left when 14 years of age. His parents  
were Alanson and Ellen Dryden Littell.



Dear Reader:

Again, your Cousin Book-Worm recommends for your reading pleasure, a book by Ishbel Ross - her newest one - Grace Coolidge and her Era.

After graduating from the University of Vermont, she became a teacher in the Clark Institute for the Deaf in Northampton. Calvin Coolidge, a rising young lawyer, boarded in a house near the Institute, and his landlord introduced these two young people, remarking that "having taught the deaf to hear, Miss Goodhue might perhaps cause the mute to speak." Opposites in disposition, they were immediately attracted to each other. Years later, in his autobiography, the President wrote: "for almost a quarter of a century she has borne with my infirmities and I have rejoiced in her graces."

This book is the story of the lives of these two, and the story of the era in which they lived -- very good reading -- about people, events, fashions, etc. of some not-so-long-ago yester-years. You will ask for it the next time you are in our Library, won't you? And then, when you recommend it to your friends, maybe you'll hear a faint "I'm so glad that you enjoyed it too" - and that could be the voice of your

Cousin Book-Worm.

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#### THE LAST MEETING

The October field tour of our County Seat included as much as time and traffic would permit.

Mrs. Helen Osburn opened the tour at the Thomas Hendricks marker, at the East entrance to the Court House. She covered interesting history and styles of architecture plus human interest stories of the square and the original plat.

Mrs. Mary Morrish viewed the surrounding landmarks of the once fashionable Old Town from the home of Mrs. Kay Ewing, located at Broadway and McKee Streets. She included those passed from the square to this point and those to be noted after leaving the Ewing home enroute to the next stop.

From the Mrs. Floyd Barnes home (Lincoln and Main), Mrs. Adoline Loper, pointed out the industrial and business sites of the horse and buggy and stagecoach days of early Greensburg. She also previewed the standing landmarks of East Main to Wilder Street, on the way to a parallel viewing of East Washington Street landmarks returning back to the square.

For the social period the group reassembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Shannon on North Franklin Street. This was the first approach to viewing the pretentious homes, of what could be called the age of elegance in the city's history. This was given by Mr. Shannon. Along with the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Shannon, their heirloom furnished home was also enjoyed.

Since other scattered landmarks had to be omitted, we would like to call attention to a few of them. Several of those have been



authentically restored. Among them are original farm homes of what was then being platted for a future suburban Greensburg.

At the end of North Franklin Street is the retirement home of Luther A. Donnell of Underground Railway fame. It is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Sam McDermitt. It is very nearly perfect as it has always been lived in by appreciative owners.

On North Broadway the home of the late Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bonner was the farm home of Mr. Henry Doles. Both its interior and exterior has been perfectly restored by the Bonners.

On North Michigan Avenue is the restored home of the first Wm. S. Woodfill. It is the home of Dr. Trevor and Mrs. Morrison. The latter is a great granddaughter of the original owner.

Directly across the street is the Rev. Winchester Home. The last owner was Mr. Oscar Miller. This home is being kept for the retirement living of the three Miller daughters.

We left the Square and the Old Town with a feeling of sadness and disappointment, knowing that many of these beautiful landmarks were on the very eve of local demolition. This to give way to the contemporary influence of Frank Lloyd Wright and his cubical dreams. Then beginning with the beautifully restored homes in the northern and eastern parts of the city, our spirits were lifted. Only time will tell whether we were right or wrong.

--A SUBSCRIBER

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#### EXHIBITION

#### SARDINIA SCHOOL

Monday Eve., Feb. 17, '68

#### PROGRAMME

Music by the Sardinia Cornet Band  
Song--"Then we'll be Glad," by the Juveniles

#### Advertising for a Servant

Mr. Marshall . . . . .	J. S. Booth
Mrs. Marshall . . . . .	Miss Fannie Stout
Margaret O'Flannagan. . . . .	Miss Ella Booth
Katrina . . . . .	Miss Druzilla Smith
Snowdrop Washington . . . . .	Miss Lizzie Small

#### DECLAMATION

"The Fly" . . . . . Master Willie Byous  
DIALOGUE. . . . . by the Juveniles

#### The Three Guesses

KING NUMBSKULL. . . . .	Thomas Shera
PRINCE STUPIDON . . . . .	W. M. Risley
Princess Musulla. . . . .	Miss Fannie Ricketts



FAIRIES ) Kittie Wiseman, Mattie Shera,  
Lucy Hawkins, Amanda Risley,  
and Louie Moncrief  
SONG . . . . . "The Fairies"  
DECLAMATION--  
"Not so Easy," . . . . . Master Willie Smith

The Dosem Family

Mr. Brown. . . . . Ermons Booth  
Mrs. Brown . . . . . Miss Mattie Risley  
Mrs. Dosem . . . . . Miss Lizzie Small  
Priscilla. . . . . Miss Mattie Moore  
Ruth . . . . . Miss Annie Reiley  
Abigail. . . . . Miss Mary Moore  
Rebecca Aquilla. . . . . Miss Kittie Wiseman  
PETER. . . . . M. W. Moore  
ADAM . . . . . Henry Jones  
JAMES. . . . . James Gaston

Concert Recitation, "American Flag."

TABLEAU. . . . . Mary, Queen of Scots  
Song, "The blind Girl," Miss Louie Moncrief

Matrimony

Mrs. Hamilton. . . . . Miss E. E. McKeehan  
Arabella . . . . . Miss Ella Booth  
Ellen. . . . . Miss Amanda Smith  
Katy . . . . . Miss Fannie Ricketts  
Count De Varenne . . . . . B. F. Gaston  
Dennis . . . . . J. B. Plymate  
Charles Harper . . . . . E. S. Holliday

SONG . . . . . "Foot Traveler"  
Concert Recitation . . . . . by the Juveniles  
Declamation, "Flowers" . . . . . Miss Lou Moncrief  
TABLEAU. . . . . The Seasons

Matrimonial Advertisement

Aunt Martha Gordon . . . . . Miss M. Booth  
Grand Mother Cole. . . . . Miss Kate Smith  
Mary Cole. . . . . Miss Erma Clendenning  
Jack Cole. . . . . John Thompson  
Cyrus Gordon . . . . . W. M. Risley  
DECLAMATION--"Will the New Year come to-  
night, Mamma?" . . . . . Miss Isa Shera  
SONG . . . . . "Shout for our Banner"

Dr. Hawley

Dr. Hawley. . . . . John Gentry  
Mrs. Hawley. . . . . Miss Druzilla Smith  
Hattie Hawley. . . . . Miss Fannie Stout  
Delia Dayton . . . . . Miss Mattie Moore  
Zedekiah Hull. . . . . J. B. Plymate  
Charles. . . . . E. S. Holliday



WITH THOREAU (HENDERSON) AT CONCORD BRIDGE,  
SEPTEMBER 10, 1961

By Grant Henderson

Upon the bridge step lightly, son,  
Arouse no echo there  
Until a moment passes, one  
As deathless as a prayer.  
So let us gratefully embrace  
This golden moment. When  
We walk together from this place  
We may not come again.  
But in the years ahead we'll know  
(And this is prophecy,  
God grant us) how to face the foe,  
Whoever he may be,  
With fortitude. Remember this:  
Brave men fell where we trod,  
Insuring us this day of bliss,  
Our Country, and our God.  
Then, O! my son, let no man claim  
That you and I today  
Misunderstand. We're not the same  
Two men who walked away  
From Walden Pond an hour ago  
To visit Concord Bridge.  
What tugs upon our heartstrings so?  
Do Redcoats walk the ridge?



IMPORTANT!

DINNER RESERVATIONS!

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Mrs. Dorothy Huber  
323 N. Broadway  
Greensburg, Indiana

Dear Mrs. Huber:

Enclosed please find my check in the amount of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_  
reservations at \$1.50 each for the annual 1962 dinner meeting of the  
DECATUR COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_

Make check payable to DOROTHY HUBER, CHAIRMAN  
Your dinner tickets will be waiting for you at the door.

MAIL RESERVATIONS EARLY- ~~TO~~ BE RECEIVED NOT LATER THAN WEDNESDAY,  
DECEMBER 12th.

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THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Volume 1 - No. 16

Greensburg, Indiana

December 1, 1962

EARLY BIRDS

Why not be prepared to renew your membership at the dinner meeting, for the coming year and thus qualify as an EARLY BIRD? Your card will be waiting for you.

And as a suggestion - a dollar membership for an interested friend, makes an excellent Christmas gift.

COMMITTEES

ANNUAL DINNER MEETING

Audit

Miss Kathryn Taney, ch.  
Mrs. Bertha Alexander

Nominations

Mr. Homer G. Meek, ch.  
Mrs. Gertrude Day  
Miss Martha Samuels

IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO COME FOR DINNER, FEEL FREE TO ATTEND THE MEETING LATER. EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

OCCASION: Fourth Annual Dinner Meeting and Election of Officers.

SPEAKER: Mr. Virgil E. Davis

DATE: Saturday, December 15, 1962, 6:30 P. M. Fast Time

PLACE: Presbyterian Church, N. E. corner Public Square, Greensburg, Indiana. Entrance on Washington Street.

DINNER RESERVATIONS

Please cooperate by using the reservation blank to be found elsewhere in this issue of the BULLETIN.

Mail reservations to be received not later than Wednesday, December 12th.

Dinner tickets are \$1.50 each. For further information call either of the following:

Mrs. Paul H. Huber 663-6866  
Miss Helen K. Bussell 663-3134

Virgil E. Davis, the author of "THROUGH OUR YEARS--The Story of Brookville," a past president of the Franklin County Historical Society and an instructor in the Brookville High School, comes to us very well recommended as our speaker for the evening. Franklin County first settled in 1803 some sixteen years before our own, is eminent among the early counties organized in the state for having produced more than its quota of famous men--leaders both on state and national levels. Mr. Davis will discuss the lives and influence of these men particularly as they concern Decatur County, along with the part that the Brookville Land Office played in our development.



The following members have qualified as EARLY BIRDS and are in good standing for 1963.

Bailey, Mr. I. R.  
 Bailey, Mrs. I. R.  
 Ball, Mr. Collins  
 Ball, Mrs. Collins  
 Ball, Mrs. Pauline  
 Ball, Mr. Winston  
 Barnette, Mrs. Elizabeth  
 Batterton, Mrs. D. A.  
 Batterton, Mrs. Floy  
 Borchers, Mrs. Marie  
 Craig, Mr. Edgar  
 Day, Mrs. Gertrude  
 Day, Mr. Thomas H.  
 Fasley, Mrs. Walter  
 Eckel, Mrs. Florine S.  
 Emmert, Miss Mary K.  
 Fulton, Mr. Ray  
 Garner, Mr. Loren  
 Garner, Mrs. Loren  
 Gullkey, Mr. Frank  
 Gullkey, Mrs. Loretta  
 Hall, Mr. Robert D.  
 Hamilton, Mr. Paul  
 Hogue, Mrs. J. David  
 Holcomb, Lt. Col. Wm. L.  
 House, Mr. Harry  
 House, Mrs. Harry  
 Haber, Miss Julia

Jackson, Mr. Elias  
 Jackson, Mrs. Elias  
 Keen, Mr. Charles M.  
 Keen, Mrs. Charles M.  
 Lanham, Mrs. Ethel E.  
 Loper, Mrs. Adaline  
 Lowe, Mr. Marsh  
 Marlin, Mr. Charles F.  
 Marlin, Mrs. Helen B.  
 Martin, Mr. Willard  
 Martin, Mrs. Willard  
 Meek, Mr. Homer G.  
 Meek, Mrs. Homer G.  
 Meek, Mr. Robert L., Sr.  
 Meyer, Mrs. Jean Perry  
 Morrish, Mrs. Mary R.  
 McDermitt, Mrs. S. H.  
 Osburn, Mr. Charles  
 Osburn, Mrs. Charles  
 Parker, Mr. John E.  
 Parker, Mr. William W.  
 Peek, Mrs. V. T.  
 Smirnoff, Mrs. Margaret M.  
 Smith, Mrs. Jossie  
 Tillson, Miss Florine  
 Tillson, Miss Marguerite  
 Williams, Mrs. Shirley A.  
 Wyant, Mrs. Margaret

#### NEW MEMBERS

Lt. Col. William L. Holcomb  
 Alexandria, Virginia  
 Mrs. H. S. McDermitt  
 Mr. Marsh Lowe  
 West Lafayette, Indiana  
 Mr. Harry House  
 Mrs. Harry House  
 Mr. Charles M. Keen  
 Knightstown, Indiana  
 Mrs. Charles M. Keen  
 Knightstown, Indiana

#### THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1962

President-----Paul H. Huber  
 1st. Vice-President----Walter B. Lowe  
 2nd. Vice-President-Mrs. Dorothy Doler  
 Corresponding Secy.--Mrs. Chas. Loucks  
 131 W. Central Ave.  
 Greensburg, Indiana  
 Recording Secy.--Miss Helen K. Bussell  
 711 N. East St.  
 Greensburg, Indiana  
 Treasurer-----William Parker



The Anti-slavery Movement in the Kingston (Ind.) Presbyterian Church  
by  
Mary Rankin

February 1928

As a background for this paper it is necessary to give a brief history of the organization of the Kingston Presbyterian Church. Of official records of the Kingston Church in its early years we have only the first session book covering the years from December 1823 to 1837. The records show a service to have been held in December 1823 at the home of Samuel D. Henry on the farm now known as that of Miss Jennie Throp. Rev. John Moreland, a minister well known in Kentucky, preached to the families of the community and those present who were Presbyterians before coming to Indiana associated themselves to form the Concord - later the Sand Creek, Presbyterian Church, and chose Samuel Donnell, John Hopkins, John C. McCoy and William O. Ross as elders. In September, 1824, Father Dickey, beloved pioneer preacher of Kentucky and south-western Indiana, visited the congregation for two days and officially received the church into Presbytery (probably Madison). These meetings were held in the home of Cyrus Hamilton, a house that stood a few rods west of the barn on the farm where T. M. Hamilton now lives. Again, nearly a year later, Father Dickey held meetings at Cyrus Hamiltons' home. This does not mean that no meetings were held in the meantime, for prayer meetings and instruction of children in the Bible and doctrine were conducted every Sunday in the homes of the elders.

The first minister, Rev. S. G. Lowry, began his work in June of 1826 and the first log meeting-house was erected. It was at this time also that twelve members withdrew to form with others the Presbyterian church of Greensburg. These were the families of Hendricks, Gageby, Ross and John Hopkins.

The first log church was erected in the cemetery ground opposite the present building. It is described as being built of "poplar logs" nicely hewn and with chinks well and neatly pointed. The next building was of brick, built in 1836, a little to the north and farther from the road. The New School church erected a building of logs in 1840 on the site of the present school building and after twelve years this became the school building. The New school or Free Church then built in 1854 a frame church on the lot opposite the manse. This served the congregation till the present building was erected in 1882. and was burned in 1892 after serving as a social hall for ten years. The bricks from the old building which stood in the cemetery now form the front part of the manse as it stands today.

The following paper was written at the request of Rev. Lucian V. Rule and is to be incorporated in a volume with other histories of anti-slavery churches.

The early history of the Kingston church is inseparable from the anti-slavery and temperance movements, and its survival to celebrate its centennial is an indication of the stuff of which its founders were made. The majority of the families that composed its first prayer meetings had belonged to the Concord church near Carlisle, Kentucky, and remained steadfast in Presbyterian faith and doctrine when that church was torn asunder during the pastorate of Barton Stone.



Though they had lost their church buildings, they called to their pastorate in 1819, the young Rev. John Rankin, who with his wife and child, was traveling northward from Tennessee toward free country. There was already an abolition society among them and Mr. Rankin continued to confirm them in that faith as well as to combat the teachings of Dr. Stone with reiteration of Presbyterian doctrine. Slavery became so distasteful to these people that family after family left between the years 1821 and 1823, till the Concord church grew too small to support a pastor, and the colony in Indiana, with pioneers from Pennsylvania, grew large enough to form a church. The Rev. John Rankin went to the church at Ripley, Ohio, and continued his anti-slavery and temperance work there. He kept in touch with his friends in Indiana, and after his fellow-workers in Kentucky, the Rev. John R. Moreland, organized the Sand Creek Church in 1823, Mr. Rankin sent his brother-in-law, Samuel Lowry, to be its first pastor in 1826 and his brother, Alexander Rankin to hold a "camp meeting." He, himself, held a "camp meeting" in the neighborhood in 1850 or 1851. In 1860 he asked the church to consider his son, Rev. Arthur Tappan Rankin, for their pastor and thus began Dr. Rankin's long pastorate of thirty years. During this time the father was often an honored guest in his son's pulpit, and among Mr. Rankin's publications was the life of Samuel Donnell, the senior elder of the early Sand Creek Church.

Had all the members of this little church been under this influence, or had all been true to the teachings they had received in the old church in Kentucky, or had all the ministers been whole-heartedly on the side of the abolition of human slavery and liquor, its history would have been very different. As early as 1832 opposition to the anti-slavery groups was felt, and Mr. Lowry resigned, to be followed by one who "connived with the more active to wrest the church from the hands of the abolitionists." The result was finally the withdrawal of a minority from membership and the formation of a new church, March 4, 1837.

"The undersigned members of Sand Creek church, believe that in the providence of God we are placed in circumstances that we must either relinquish certain principles or retain an unequal standing among our brethren. After careful and mature consideration of the circumstances under which we are placed by the action of those with whom we are associated and from whom we have no desire to be separated, could we fraternize without being placed under disabilities in forwarding and promoting a cause which we believe justice requires at our hands under a sense of the duties we owe to God, our children and our fellow men, we have come to the conclusion that it is our duty to separate ourselves from our present connection and to associate and constitute ourselves into an independent church, to be known by the name of the Independent Congregational Church of Sand Creek." But its articles of faith read like those of any Presbyterian church, and the members even elected ruling elders who performed the usual duties pertaining to the office. The two congregations built and used the same church for a time, but when the building was fully paid for it was decided by arbitration that it belonged to the older body, and the new congregation had to use the school house for its services.

When General Assembly divided into the two bodies now known as Old School and New School in 1837, and it was thought that the New School would be anti-slavery, the new groups joined that organization and



shared pastors with the New School church in Greensburg. During this time a small church building was erected. By 1850 the church "was becoming restless and impatient because, in spite of years of labor and reprobation, slavery seemed to be intrenching itself more and more firmly in the New School church." During the pastorate of the Rev. Benjamin Nyce, the decision was made to withdraw from the New School and unite with the Felicity (Ohio) Presbytery of the Free Presbyterian church. This was a Presbytery that their Kentucky pastor, Mr. Rankin, had helped to form, and he came that year to hold a series of meetings which helped to fortify the members in their faith.

The Old School church with its larger membership and more permanent denominational connections, flourished until the late fifties when removals weakened it. It was one of the pastors of this church, the Rev. John C. King, who gave his name to the village and church. When, in 1861 the Rev. Arthur Tappan Rankin, was called to the pastorate of the Free church, the remaining members of the older church were ready to be re-united in one community church and faced together the years of the war and the reconstruction of churches as well as states. One writer says of Dr. Rankin, "his ancestry, his early training, as well as his own personality, made him peculiarly acceptable to the Kingston people," and during the thirty years of his pastorate the church made its greatest growth.

In March 1864 it was received again into the Indianapolis Presbytery of the New School church.

Miss Camilla Donnell, speaking of the Free Presbyterian church in her history of the Kingston church says - "We cannot resist the conviction that this worthy body of reformers contained a good many cranks, and Kingston probably had its full share, both of preachers and members. But our fathers were happily unconscious of the word. They went on their way quite regardless of the ridicule or prejudice of the outside world, with temperance and abolition written on their door-posts, reading and circulating abolition books and papers, attending distant anti-slavery conventions, running with great success their branch of the underground railroad, voting the most extreme reform tickets and doing their humble best to turn the world upside-down. Like all reformers, their zeal was not always according to discretion, but they left behind them a glorious record, the precious heritage of their children's children, down to the present generation."

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#### THIS AND THAT

COL. HOWARD H. BATES - We regret to announce - this on the eve of our annual dinner meeting - that Col. Howard H. Bates, our speaker on these last two occasions, died suddenly July 23rd in Denver, Colorado, while on a business trip. An outstanding public speaker, he was very much in demand, particularly before historical groups. He was the unanimous favorite of this Society. A great voice has been stilled.

TILGER - Justine Tharp Tilger, an assistant editor of INDIANA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, is a native of Decatur County and a graduate of St. Paul High School. She succeeds Mary Lou Thielking of Batesville, who likewise is related in this county.



DECATUR COUNTY - Thomas Daniel Martin born at Galetton, Ky. in 1825 was one of ten brothers to serve in the Civil War. The other nine were born in Decatur County. Mary Martin Coombs, a member living in Michigantown, Indiana is a daughter of Thomas Daniel Martin.

MEMBERSHIP - Open to everyone having an interest in history and his heritage. The annual dues are \$1.00 each, payable in advance. The fiscal year ends December 31st. Please direct all applications and renewals to the Recording Secretary.

ROBERT J. McCracken - "The greatest danger that faces this country is the danger of moral lassitude - liberty turned to license, rights demanded and duties shirked, the moral sense deteriorating, the traditions and standards of the nation weakened, the spiritual forces within it losing ground."

ADAMS TOWNSHIP - It has been stated that flat-boats bound for the New Orleans trade took off from Downeyville in the early days. Can this be further documented?

FIRST THINGS FIRST - Please send me by the Rock Creek stage, 100 pounds salt, 1/2 barrel brown sugar; 100 45-calibre Winchester cartridges, 10 gallons best sour mash whiskey--like the first sent. Also send me two woolen undershirts for a lady quite thick, two hoopskirts for a lady of some em bon point, and a corset for a girl of 15.

P. S. Send 50 pounds of coffee, a few late copies of the Weekly Boomerang, a copy of the New Testament and Psalms bound together, large print, and be very particular about the quality of the sour mash whiskey.

(A letter from a Wyoming ranchman of the 80's to his merchant in town, from the Laramie Daily Boomerang, February 12, 1884) (Contributed by Helena Huntington Smith) - AMERICAN HERITAGE.

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### HISTORY VIA GLASSWARE

In America, glass making from the beginning has been closely tied in with our development as a nation. People who collect it seriously may find themselves concerned with the Indian trade at the Jamestown Settlement, or with Zachary Taylor's Mexican campaign.

The Pioneer glassmakers started to make glass almost as soon as their first shelters were up. As far as we know, they were making beads for the Indian trade at Jamestown in 1608, but none of this earliest American glass is around today.

The first glassmakers in this country whose names are familiar to collectors -- Casper Wistor, Henry William Stiegel, and John Frederick Anslung -- made chiefly bottle and window glass. Records show that in 1739 Wistor started a factory in southwestern New Jersey and produced nothing else commercially.

Many of these bottles and historic flasks were made to hold whiskey or some other alcoholic beverage. You can learn to date wine bottles by



their shape (the squat Wistorberg specimen is a hundred years older than the Mt. Vernon bottle), and patent-medicine bottles by looking up in old city directories the proprietors whose names appear on them. Some paper labels add to the fun.

The Historical flasks vary in rarity according to the way they combine size, color and motif, but even the commonest are fascinating. You can collect, just for amusement, such pious injunctions as "Use me but do not abuse me," or the simple label "Traveler's Companion," but if you have anything more to do with this group you can't help learning a good deal of American history. You will find, for instance, that the Captain Bragg flask refers to an incident in Zachary Taylor's Mexican War campaign; that Major Ringold was another hero of that War; that the phoenix on the Resurgan flask is a symbol of Baltimore's rebirth after the fire of 1850. Flasks come in conventional designs as well as historical. They were blown in full-size molds, mostly from 1820 to 1870. Some dear to the heart of collectors are the Captain Bragg, Wm. H. Harrison, the Unions, Baltimore's Monument, Masonic, Washington, Railroad, Major Ringold, Franklin, LaFayette, Pike's Peak, DeWitt Clinton, and Taylor campaign.

Much early American glassware is rare and expensive, but bottles of one kind or another, can be collected by anyone with a lively curiosity and a willingness to learn. They come in all price ranges; old "nostrum" bottles even turn up in junk heaps.

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#### HOME TOWN

(Poem by Roll B. Littell, navigation instructor at Washington University, Seattle, Washington)

Sitting here as the sun goes down,  
I'm lonely tonight for a little town.  
For an humble home far away.  
And on the corner wish to play,  
And know the pleasure and the joy,  
The carefree fun of a barefoot boy.

I see the courthouse standing there  
Imprisoned in the public square,  
Its iron fence and chain hitchrack,  
And the old interurban track.  
The wat'ring trough, the old band stand,  
And hear the silver cornet band.

I see trees growing on the tower,  
And hear the town clock strike the hour.  
Softly the chimes of first church ring  
And birds in trees and belfries sing.  
Turtle doves coo in maple trees,  
And larks trill in the tree top breeze.



I hear again the "east end" bell  
And children come from town and dell,  
The girls with "pig tails" down their back,  
And boys with marbles in a sack.  
Boys to the east and girls to the west,  
Don't cross the line in play or jest.

At the track in the old fair ground  
Are horses going 'round and 'round.  
Driving them are "Bill," George and "Buck,"  
And watching there are Lottie and "Duck."  
They could trot and pace in those days.  
There were blacks, "duns," sorrels and grays.

I see beside old "Gas" creek's bank,  
The woolen mill, the big gas tank.  
The foot ball field by Goddard's barn,  
The old bridge and the crawfish cairn,  
The reservoir beside the mill,  
And Zoller's mansion on the hill.  
The rolling clouds I see once more  
And hear again the thunder roar,  
The lightning's flash, the ravens cry,  
Myriads of blackbirds in the sky.  
I see old Sand creek and the fall,  
And hear once more the cat bird's call.

I pick the paw-paw from the tree,  
And crack the nut of the hickory.  
My hands are brown with walnut stain,  
In old "Long Hole" I swim again,  
I see the iron weed growing rank  
And pluck wild violets on the bank.

My dream is done, I'm back once more,  
Out by the sea, out on the shore,  
Out where the mountains meet the sky.  
My dream is done and yet I sigh,  
Again to be a barefoot boy  
And know again my boyhood joy.

And this I know; There ne'er shall be  
No town on earth so dear to me,  
No place, no clime, no sky so blue,  
No sun so bright, no friends so true,  
No ones so loved as those back home,  
To whom I send this little poem.

ed.--Rolland B. Littell was born in Greensburg  
and left when 14 years of age. His parents  
were Alanson and Ellen Dryden Littell.



Dear Reader:

Again, your Cousin Book-Worm recommends for your reading pleasure, a book by Ishbel Ross - her newest one - Grace Coolidge and her Era.

After graduating from the University of Vermont, she became a teacher in the Clark Institute for the Deaf in Northampton. Calvin Coolidge, a rising young lawyer, boarded in a house near the Institute, and his landlord introduced these two young people, remarking that "having taught the deaf to hear, Miss Goodhue might perhaps cause the mute to speak." Opposites in disposition, they were immediately attracted to each other. Years later, in his autobiography, the President wrote: "for almost a quarter of a century she has borne with my infirmities and I have rejoiced in her graces."

This book is the story of the lives of these two, and the story of the era in which they lived -- very good reading -- about people, events, fashions, etc. of some not-so-long-ago yester-years. You will ask for it the next time you are in our Library, won't you? And then, when you recommend it to your friends, maybe you'll hear a faint "I'm so glad that you enjoyed it too" - and that could be the voice of your

Cousin Book-Worm.

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#### THE LAST MEETING

The October field tour of our County Seat included as much as time and traffic would permit.

Mrs. Helen Osburn opened the tour at the Thomas Hendricks marker, at the East entrance to the Court House. She covered interesting history and styles of architecture plus human interest stories of the square and the original plat.

Mrs. Mary Morrish viewed the surrounding landmarks of the once fashionable Old Town from the home of Mrs. Kay Ewing, located at Broadway and McKee Streets. She included those passed from the square to this point and those to be noted after leaving the Ewing home enroute to the next stop.

From the Mrs. Floyd Barnes home (Lincoln and Main), Mrs. Adeline Loper, pointed out the industrial and business sites of the horse and buggy and stagecoach days of early Greensburg. She also previewed the standing landmarks of East Main to Wilder Street, on the way to a parallel viewing of East Washington Street landmarks returning back to the square.

For the social period the group reassembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Shannon on North Franklin Street. This was the first approach to viewing the pretentious homes, of what could be called the age of elegance in the city's history. This was given by Mr. Shannon. Along with the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Shannon, their heirloom furnished home was also enjoyed.

Since other scattered landmarks had to be omitted, we would like to call attention to a few of them. Several of those have been



authentically restored. Among them are original farm homes of what was then being platted for a future suburban Greensburg.

At the end of North Franklin Street is the retirement home of Luther A. Donnell of Underground Railway fame. It is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Sam McDermitt. It is very nearly perfect as it has always been lived in by appreciative owners.

On North Broadway the home of the late Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bonner was the farm home of Mr. Henry Doles. Both its interior and exterior has been perfectly restored by the Bonners.

On North Michigan Avenue is the restored home of the first Wm. S. Woodfill. It is the home of Dr. Trevor and Mrs. Morrison. The latter is a great granddaughter of the original owner.

Directly across the street is the Rev. Winchester Home. The last owner was Mr. Oscar Miller. This home is being kept for the retirement living of the three Miller daughters.

We left the Square and the Old Town with a feeling of sadness and disappointment, knowing that many of these beautiful landmarks were on the very eve of local demolition. This to give way to the contemporary influence of Frank Lloyd Wright and his cubical dreams. Then beginning with the beautifully restored homes in the northern and eastern parts of the city, our spirits were lifted. Only time will tell whether we were right or wrong.

--A SUBSCRIBER

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#### EXHIBITION

#### SARDINIA SCHOOL

Monday Eve., Feb. 17, '68

#### PROGRAMME

Music by the Sardinia Cornet Band  
Song--"Then we'll be Glad," by the Juveniles

#### Advertising for a Servant

Mr. Marshall . . . . . J. S. Booth  
Mrs. Marshall . . . . . Miss Fannie Stout  
Margaret O'Flannagan. . . . . Miss Ella Booth  
Katrina . . . . . Miss Druzilla Smith  
Snowdrop Washington . . . . . Miss Lizzie Small

#### DECLAMATION

"The Fly" . . . . . Master Willie Byous  
DIALOGUE. . . . . by the Juveniles

#### The Three Guesses

KING NUMBSKULL. . . . . Thomas Shera  
PRINCE STUPIDON . . . . . W. M. Risley  
Princess Musulla. . . . . Miss Fannie Ricketts



) Kittie Wiseman, Mattie Shera,  
 FAIRIES) Lucy Hawkins, Ananda Risley,  
 ) and Louie Moncrief  
 SONG . . . . . "The Fairies"  
 DECLAMATION--  
 "Not so Easy," . . . . . Master Willie Smith

The Dosem Family

Mr. Brown. . . . . Ermons Booth  
 Mrs. Brown . . . . . Miss Mattie Risley  
 Mrs. Dosem . . . . . Miss Lizzie Small  
 Priscilla. . . . . Miss Mattie Moore  
 Ruth . . . . . Miss Annie Reiley  
 Abigail. . . . . Miss Mary Moore  
 Rebecca Aquilla. . . . . Miss Kittie Wiseman  
 PETER. . . . . M. W. Moore  
 ADAM . . . . . Henry Jones  
 JAMES. . . . . James Gaston

Concert Recitation, "American Flag."

TABLEAU. . . . . Mary, Queen of Scots  
 Song, "The blind Girl," Miss Louie Moncrief

Matrimony

Mrs. Hamilton. . . . . Miss E. E. McKeehan  
 Arabella . . . . . Miss Ella Booth  
 Ellen. . . . . Miss Amanda Smith  
 Katy . . . . . Miss Fannie Ricketts  
 Count De Varenan . . . . . B. F. Gaston  
 Dennis . . . . . J. B. Plymate  
 Charles Harper . . . . . E. S. Holliday

SONG . . . . . "Foot Traveler"  
 Concert Recitation . . . . . by the Juveniles  
 Declamation, "Flowers" . . Miss Lou Moncrief  
 TABLEAU. . . . . The Seasons

Matrimonial Advertisement

Aunt Martha Gordon . . . . . Miss M. Booth  
 Grand Mother Cole. . . . . Miss Kate Smith  
 Mary Cole. . . . . Miss Erma Clendenning  
 Jack Cole. . . . . John Thompson  
 Cyrus Gordon . . . . . W. M. Risley  
 DECLAMATION--"Will the New Year come to-  
 night, Mamma?". Miss Isa Shera  
 SONG . . . . . "Shout for our Banner"

Dr. Hawley

Dr. Hawley. . . . . John Gentry  
 Mrs. Hawley. . . . . Miss Druzilla Smith  
 Hattie Hawley. . . . . Miss Fannie Stout  
 Delia Dayton . . . . . Miss Mattie Moore  
 Zedekiah Hull. . . . . J. B. Plymate  
 Charles. . . . . E. S. Holliday



WITH THOREAU (HENDERSON) AT CONCORD BRIDGE,  
SEPTEMBER 10, 1961

By Grant Henderson

Upon the bridge step lightly, son,  
Arouse no echo there  
Until a moment passes, one  
As deathless as a prayer.  
So let us gratefully embrace  
This golden moment. When  
We walk together from this place  
We may not come again.  
But in the years ahead we'll know  
(And this is prophecy,  
God grant us) how to face the foe,  
Whoever he may be,  
With fortitude. Remember this:  
Brave men fell where we trod,  
Insuring us this day of bliss,  
Our Country, and our God.  
Then, O: my son, let no man claim  
That you and I today  
Misunderstand. We're not the same  
Two men who walked away  
From Walden Pond an hour ago  
To visit Concord Bridge.  
What tugs upon our heartstrings so?  
Do Redcoats walk the ridge?



IMPORTANT!

DINNER RESERVATIONS!

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Mrs. Dorothy Huber  
323 N. Broadway  
Greensburg, Indiana

Dear Mrs. Huber:

Enclosed please find my check in the amount of \$\_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_  
reservations at \$1.50 each for the annual 1962 dinner meeting of the  
DECATUR COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_

Make check payable to DOROTHY HUBER, CHAIRMAN  
Your dinner tickets will be waiting for you at the door.

MAIL RESERVATIONS EARLY- TO BE RECEIVED NOT LATER THAN WEDNESDAY,  
DECEMBER 12th.

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THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Volume 1 - No. 13

Greensburg, Indiana

February 23, 1962

PRICE HOUSE

Mrs. Mary Price, Prop't's

also dealer in

FINE WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, TOBACCOS,  
ETC.

Sunman, Ind. 10/16 190

Mr. John Russell  
Gburg,

Dear Sir:- Batesville is a dead one. I call on all you had on the list and two others and found them all stocked with Morris flour at 3.40-3.50 I enclose the only orders I could locate today & unless Mrs. Engle call for her flour tomorrow you may ship it that PM as they only had 150#. I walked over to Smith Xing and collected 7.25 from E.R. Littell. You didnt give me his account so I guess at it. He will make it right. Send him a statement.

This is a blue trip for me so far. I worked to beat the band at Batesville but found I was up against it. Hoff is going to take on the OLD TIMES and Metz promised as soon as he reduces his stock to give me a chance. That will be a good trade if we can get it.

Hope to have better success tomorrow.

Yours

(signed) Geo. CB

ed's note-This gem is from the GARLAND MILL PAPERS. We admire this salesman who walked from New Point to Smiths Crossing and back to New Point, thence by train to Batesville and Sunman where he spent the night. Selling Greensburg flour in Batesville was like "carrying coals to Newcastle."

OCCASION: Spring meeting  
SPEAKER: Mr. Ivan L. Bailey  
TIME: 8:00 P.M. Greensburg Time  
PLACE: Y.M.C.A. basement. Enter by steps (down) on North side of bldg. Park in adjoining parking lot.  
DATE: Friday - March 9, 1962

Mr. Bailey who comes from an old Decatur County family, is a close student of local history and is particularly interested in the subject about which he will speak-OUR INDIANS. Mr. Bailey believes that there is nothing more important than people and here he will deal with the daily life, habits and customs of the Indian, who inhabited this county as late as 1850. A round-table discussion to follow with others participating, should bring out other little known facets of the red man who roamed this area long ago. As far as the written word is concerned this is a much neglected phase of our history, especially on a local level. Members having artifacts pertaining to the subject, are requested to bring a few pieces.

BRING AS MANY GUESTS AS YOU WISH.  
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

!! CALLING MEMBERS WHO HAVE  
NOT PAID 1962 DUES !!

Thirty-three members in good standing last year, have not yet renewed their membership for 1962. Twenty-one of these are Charter Members! Why not remit now? Your 1962 membership card will be sent to you immediately - on receipt of a one dollar bill (or check).

Edward Eggleston died Sept. 3, 1902 at Joshua's Rock, Lake George, New York and is buried there.



## WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

- 327 Mrs. Margaret M. Smyrnoff  
-Bradenton, Fla.  
328 Mrs. Omer Fately-Flat Rock, Ind.  
329 A/3C Fred Craig-Lincoln, Neb.  
330 Mr. Russell Powner  
331 Mrs. Russell Powner  
332 Mrs. Arthur Nevius  
333 Mrs. Gladys Badgley  
334 Mr. I. R. Bailey  
335 Mr. Collins Ball  
336 Mrs. Collins Ball  
337 Mrs. Louise Bohner-Indianapolis  
338 Mrs. Martha Dodge  
339 Mrs. Lena Lynch  
340 Mr. Elmer McDermott  
341 Mrs. Elmer McDermott  
342 Dr. Donald Oljace  
343 Mrs. Donald Oljace  
344 Mrs. Robert Parker  
345 Mr. Wendell W. Pleak  
346 Mr. Floyd Romine  
347 Mrs. Floyd Romine  
348 Mrs. Jessie Smith  
349 Mr. Walter Thackery  
350 Mrs. Walter Thackery  
351 Mr. John Wetnight-Shelbyville  
352 Mrs. John Wetnight-Shelbyville  
353 Mr. J. Van Woodfill  
354 Miss Amanda J. Martin-Indpls.  
355 Mr. John Ben Jones  
356 Mrs. John Ben Jones  
357 Mr. Ira B. Hamilton-N. Vernon  
358 Mrs. Ira B. Hamilton-N. Vernon  
359 Mrs. Nelle Starks  
360 Mrs. Arthur Lynch  
361 Mr. Robert McAuliffe  
362 Mrs. Robert McAuliffe  
363 Miss Karen McAuliffe  
364 Mr. Frank I. Hamilton  
365 Mr. Frank L. Clark  
366 Mr. R. T. Meridith  
367 Mrs. R. T. Meridith

Mrs. Smyrnoff is the former Margaret Miller, who prefers to spend her summers in Greensburg. Helen Aldrich Fately another native, is always glad to visit back home. Fred Craig is doing his stint for Uncle Sam in the Air Corps. Mrs. Bohner formerly of New Point, is the beloved aunt of the president of this society. The Wetnights of Shelbyville are Civil War buffs and members of the Shelby County and Indiana Historical Societies. Amanda Jackson Martin a descendent of old Decatur County families, currently

is president of the Mechanicsburg School Reunion group. Mrs. Hamilton is the former Helen McConnell and certainly descended from G. W. McConnell who lived on the Millhousen Road in 1867. Mr. Hamilton, a native of course, is a successful attorney in North Vernon.

## RECENT GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY

"THE REVOLUTION" by the staff of AMERICAN HERITAGE, illustrated. The donor is Mr. Louis Porter of Cincinnati and a member of the Decatur County Historical Society...

## GREENVILLE, TENNESSEE

Andrew Johnson, who was at the time a United States Senator, having been elected after he left the Presidential chair, was stricken with paralysis on the 29th of July, 1875, at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Brown, in Carter county, Tenn., and he died there on morning of the 31st, in the 67th year of his age. His dying request, "Let my body be shrouded in the flag of the nation and my head pillowed on the constitution of my country," was complied with, and his funeral was without any display of "pomp and circumstance." A plain hearse carried the remains, and three carriages held the members of his family. There were no other vehicles, but thousands of the people of East Tennessee followed the remains of their esteemed leader. They were interred with simple religious exercises on an eminence west of the town of Greenville- a spot selected by himself- commanding an extended view of the surrounding country. The surrounding mountains, which has stood sentinels of his home, now look down upon the unpretending monument erected over his grave.

## MEMBERSHIP

Open to everyone having an interest in history and his heritage. The annual dues are \$1.00 each, payable in advance. The fiscal year ends December 31st. Please direct all applications and renewals to the Recording Secretary.



Dear Reader:

Astronaut, cosmonaut - words of today that rocket our thoughts into space! In the early 1500s, one Nickolas Lud, age twenty, living in the tiny but wide-awake village of Saint Die (France), dreamed of obtaining a printing press - and did! Then he and some young friends began to work on a book whose impressive title would be "Introduction to Cosmography." Today, we wonder about life on other planets. Those young writer-printers had a long fish-shaped coast line to wonder about - a land that was being referred to as a New World. What should its name be? And they would have to draw a map of it. As you read the opening pages of the recently published book Wilderness, you will begin to share the excitement of those young Frenchmen.

And, once the author, Rutherford Platt has caught your interest, you will eagerly turn page after page, and will understand why he wrote: "America was the biggest surprise in the history of man." Mr. Platt has written the story of those 300 years during which white men were slowly pushing their way to the west coast of the new continent - gradually realizing its size and its potentialities. One critic comments: "Columbus, the Norsemen, the Cabots, the Spaniards, are rescued from dull history books and made live and vibrant."

Why don't you dip into Wilderness - The Discovery of a Continent of Wonder - and relive, in your mind's eye, those long ago yester-years. Good winter-evening reading - opines your

Cousin Book-Worm

#### COMING EVENTS

1. Summer meeting- who has an idea?
2. Fall Field Trip  
"THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD"

#### WHAT IS YOUR DECATUR COUNTY I.Q.?

1. What one tribe of Indians laid claim to Decatur County in recent years?
2. In what township is there a point that drains into four historic streams? Name the streams.
3. Who were the only two men ever to be elected to Congress from this county?
4. What had these men in common as concerns Decatur County- Fred Small, Ira G. Grover, George H. Thomas and William Owens?
5. The first newspaper published in this county quoted the New Orleans market. What was the name of the paper?
6. Who has the distinction of being the first member of the present Decatur County Historical Society?

#### THE RILEY WILL

"ITEM ELEVEN. We bequeath to the Decatur County Historical Society of Greensburg, Indiana, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00), to be used in the upkeep of said museum. This bequest to be paid to the Decatur County Historical Society of Greensburg, Indiana, at the discretion of the Executor of this will, as we authorize him not to pay said bequest if, in his opinion, it would not be the proper thing to do under all circumstances, since there is some question in the minds of the testators as to the museum being adequately operated."

-Filed Oct. 22, 1953

To date the Society has received \$2,000.00 from this will. For this we are grateful and we especially appreciate the confidence of the Executor in the Society and its officers.



## WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

- 327 Mrs. Margaret M. Smyrnoff  
-Bradenton, Fla.  
328 Mrs. Omer Fatel-Flat Rock, Ind.  
329 A/3C Fred Craig-Lincoln, Neb.  
330 Mr. Russell Powner  
331 Mrs. Russell Powner  
332 Mrs. Arthur Nevius  
333 Mrs. Gladys Badgley  
334 Mr. I. R. Bailey  
335 Mr. Collins Ball  
336 Mrs. Collins Ball  
337 Mrs. Louise Bohner-Indianapolis  
338 Mrs. Martha Dodge  
339 Mrs. Lena Lynch  
340 Mr. Elmer McDermott  
341 Mrs. Elmer McDermott  
342 Dr. Donald Oljace  
343 Mrs. Donald Oljace  
344 Mrs. Robert Parker  
345 Mr. Wendell W. Pleak  
346 Mr. Floyd Romine  
347 Mrs. Floyd Romine  
348 Mrs. Jessie Smith  
349 Mr. Walter Thackery  
350 Mrs. Walter Thackery  
351 Mr. John Wetnight-Shelbyville  
352 Mrs. John Wetnight-Shelbyville  
353 Mr. J. Van Woodfill  
354 Miss Amanda J. Martin-Indpls.  
355 Mr. John Ben Jones  
356 Mrs. John Ben Jones  
357 Mr. Ira B. Hamilton-N. Vernon  
358 Mrs. Ira B. Hamilton-N. Vernon  
359 Mrs. Nelle Starks  
360 Mrs. Arthur Lynch  
361 Mr. Robert McAuliffe  
362 Mrs. Robert McAuliffe  
363 Miss Karen McAuliffe  
364 Mr. Frank I. Hamilton  
365 Mr. Frank L. Clark  
366 Mr. R. T. Meridith  
367 Mrs. R. T. Meridith

Mrs. Smyrnoff is the former Margaret Miller, who prefers to spend her summers in Greensburg. Helen Aldrich Fatel another native, is always glad to visit back home. Fred Craig is doing his stint for Uncle Sam in the Air Corps. Mrs. Bohner formerly of New Point, is the beloved aunt of the president of this society. The Wetnights of Shelbyville are Civil War buffs and members of the Shelby County and Indiana Historical Societies. Amanda Jackson Martin a descendent of old Decatur County families, currently

is president of the Mechanicsburg School Reunion group. Mrs. Hamilton is the former Helen McConnell and certainly descended from G. W. McConnell who lived on the Millhousen Road in 1867. Mr. Hamilton, a native of course, is a successful attorney in North Vernon.

## RECENT GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY

"THE REVOLUTION" by the staff of AMERICAN HERITAGE, illustrated. The donor is Mr. Louis Porter of Cincinnati and a member of the Decatur County Historical Society.

## GREENVILLE, TENNESSEE

Andrew Johnson, who was at the time a United States Senator, having been elected after he left the Presidential chair, was stricken with paralysis on the 29th of July, 1875, at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Brown, in Carter county, Tenn., and he died there on morning of the 31st, in the 67th year of his age. His dying request, "Let my body be shrouded in the flag of the nation and my head pillowed on the constitution of my country," was complied with, and his funeral was without any display of "pomp and circumstance!" A plain hearse carried the remains, and three carriages held the members of his family. There were no other vehicles, but thousands of the people of East Tennessee followed the remains of their esteemed leader. They were interred with simple religious exercises on an eminence west of the town of Greenville- a spot selected by himself- commanding an extended view of the surrounding country. The surrounding mountains, which has stood sentinels of his home, now look down upon the unpretending monument erected over his grave.

## MEMBERSHIP

Open to everyone having an interest in history and his heritage. The annual dues are \$1.00 each, payable in advance. The fiscal year ends December 31st. Please direct all applications and renewals to the Recording Secretary.



# DECATUR COUNTY REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS

"To live in the hearts of those  
We leave behind is not to die."

ALLEY, Samuel-----Alley Cemetery, Clay  
Twp. (Near Milford)  
BARNES, Elizah-----  
BENNET, Archibald-----  
BOYER, John-----  
BROWN, Samuel-----Cemetery on Nelson  
Mowery Farm  
BURK, Henry-----Vandebur Cemetery,  
Gaynorsville  
BURTON, Absalom-----  
CASSELL, Ralph-----  
COLLINS, Josiah-----Kingston  
CRAWFORD, James-----Milford  
DeMOSS, John-----On the Milton Byers  
Farm  
DEVORE, Elijah-----  
DIVEN, Haraway-----  
DONNELL, Thomas-----Kingston  
DUGAN, Major J.L.-----Carmel Cemetery.  
DUNKAN, Edward-----  
FALCONBURY, Jacob-----  
FOSTER, James-----Springhill  
GILLELAND, John--Small Cemetery on Gilmour  
Farm  
GOSNELL, Benjamin-----  
GRAY, John-----Sandcreek Cemetery  
GULLION, John O.---On the Spillman Farm  
(Near Shiloh)  
HOBBS, James-----  
HOOTEN, Thomas-----Sandcreek Cemetery  
KING, George-----Milford  
KIRBY, Robert---Burke's Chapel, removed to  
Louisville  
LAYTON, William-----  
LEE, Joseph-----Shiloh  
LLOYD, Samuel-----  
LOVEJOY, Samuel-----Downeyville  
MARTIN, Thomas-----Springhill  
McINTOSH, Francis-----  
MEEK, Thomas-----Springhill  
MENEFEE, Spencer-----  
MONTGOMERY, Hugh-----Watts Graveyard on  
Antrobus Farm  
MORRIS, Joseph-----Sandcreek Cemetery  
NEWTON,-----St. Omer  
PARKER, Ichabod-----Sandcreek Cemetery  
PARNELL, Stephen-----  
PEMBERTON, John-----Sandcreek Cemetery  
PILES, Elijah-----  
PRITCHARD, John-----Sandcreek Cemetery  
RICHIE, William-----Milford

ROBBINS, William-----Mt. Pleasant  
SHUTTLE, John-----  
SILVA, George-----Clarksburg  
SNELLING, William-----  
TANNER, Lucius---Cemetery on Mowery Farm  
WESTON, Levi-----South Park, Greensburg  
WEBB, Theodore-----  
WHEELER,-----Milford  
YARBAUGH,-----

We hasten to correct the list as pub-  
lished in the last issue of the BULLETIN  
-ed.

## MEMBERSHIP REPORT TO DATE

February 10, 1962

Total enrollment -----	367
No dues since 1959 -----	33
No dues since 1960 -----	14
Requests to discontinue membership--	3
Deceased -----	6
Out of county members -----	52
Resident members -----	259
Total -----	367

## NOT CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE OR TRADE:- Several old elementary  
school geographys. BRYAN STEVENSON  
campaign umbrella in color. Red, white,  
and blue squaw seed corn. Call 3-7773

WANTED:- A copy of "JOHN T. WILDER" bi-  
ography by Samuel C. Williams. Call  
Carnegie Library.

WANTED:- Antique organ in fair condition.  
Donald Minning 3-9671

WILL BUY OR EXCHANGE:-Souvenirs of pres-  
idential campaigns. Also want picture of  
schoolhouse, scene of "THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-  
MASTER." Write Bob Montgomery, Conklin  
House, Cambridge City, Indiana

LOST:- Framed roster Co. A-123rd Indiana  
V.I. Reward. Paul O. Jolliff, Sandusky  
Indiana

WILL TRADE:- Ox yoke, also spool cabinet  
as found in a general store, cabinet has  
lift lid. Call 2-8541



## I REMEMBER

(Recollections of a boy's life in a small town during the first 12 years of the 20th Century)

By Lou Porter

\*\*\*\*\*

My family were Hoosiers and I was born and reared in GREENSBURG, INDIANA, a small County seat town of approximately 6500 souls. So far as I know, the population has not changed to any appreciable extent. There were four of us, Dad and Mother, brother Bob and myself and we lived in a large, old brick home of twelve rooms, with high ceilings and spacious halls; there was a large back yard, orchard-like with trees of all description and a giant vegetable garden of great dimensions. This back yard afforded us genuine privacy as it was enclosed by a huge, wooden fence over which no one could look. Our house, typical of the period, had rooms of vast extent and area and all of the five bedrooms upstairs carried ample closet space. My Mother did not believe in "shutting" off rooms in cold weather so we lived in every room in the big home all year around. There were gas-heated grates all over the place and the ancient Welsbach burner provided our illumination. Our home was brilliantly alight from early evening till late at night. Built shortly before the War between the States, the structure was as secure as a fortress with walls two feet thick. Of course, this house still stands, people continue to live in it and people will still be living in it two hundred years from now.

One of my earliest recollections is framed in memory of the year 1898 when the Spanish-American War was fought. It was of short duration and not too many casualties but I can still hear my Aunt singing the war song of that period "Just Break The News to Mother;" when the year 1900 arrived, neighbors debated whether this was the final year of the 19th century or the 1st year of the 20th century; One September afternoon in 1901, some neighborhood youngsters along with my brother Bob and I were playing in the back yard when a newsboy came shouting up the street that President McKinley had been shot while attending the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo, New York. News traveled very slowly in those days and word of this tragedy did not reach our town until an "extra" edition of "The Indianapolis News" had arrived by the interurban traction line. There were no buses, trucks, or motor cars and few telephones. It was still the "horse and buggy" era and the livery stable was the news center of the Community. Old men played checkers in the rear of the corner grocery "down town", some played dominoes and cinch while younger boys played parcheesi. Some of us had "Ping Pong" as an indoor sport. There was a soap widely advertised called "Sapolio," a patent medicine "Tanlac" which was supposed to cure most ailments and of course every paper carried an ad about "Lydia E. Pinkham;" Quinine and calomel and castor oil were the standard medications for boys and girls while some of the older generation preferred Bourbon. There was no Juvenile Court in Greensburg in 1901 for we had no serious delinquency. School teachers did not spare the rod (or the 15 inch ruler) and every cloak room in the elementary schools closeted three or four sturdy sticks of hickory that were replaced at frequent intervals. Boys and girls were taught to respect their teachers, their parents and their elders. Older people were still playing Euchre as a social past time and it would be several years before "Whist" or "bridge" would become popular. Youngsters enjoyed everything, both summer and winter. We had the old "Swimmin' Hole" where bathing suits were unknown for boys and girls. It was still the "age of innocence" for us. Directly back of our home was a long, steep hill which afforded bob-sledding all winter; there were a dozen creeks, quarries, and ponds for ice skating; on the fringe of town beyond the corporate limits were dark and foreboding forests where small game such as rabbits, squirrels and foxes could be found in profusion. We also became quite expert catching fish under the ice on cold winter afternoons after school. None of our "city cousins"



ever had as much fun as we enjoyed in those long ago days. During summertime we caught all varieties of fish from the common "cat" and yellow bellied giant sun fish to the small mouth black bass. Most of the time we fished from the bank of the stream but some times we would wade into the water and engage in "fly fishing;" We played base ball, foot ball, lawn tennis, held horse shoe pitching contests, played marbles "for keeps," collected stamps, rode ponies, and almost every kid in town had his own two dollar "Brownie" kodak and a bicycle. We built small oven-brick furnaces in the back yard; these bricks we found in alleys which divided every block in town; in those days it was of real interest to behold what came out of back alleys. Weiners comprised our principal part of these outdoor lunches, supplemented by fresh garden vegetables. No one then had ever heard of Vitamins. Food was very reasonable; weiners were five cents a dozen, eggs ten cents a dozen when we had to buy them which was seldom; bananas five cents a dozen, a large loaf of home made bread was five cents; a quart of milk cost five cents and the man at the Meat Market gave us soup bones and liver. A hair cut cost fifteen cents, men paid ten cents to get shaved, and safety and electric razors were yet unknown. "The Saturday Evening Post" was a nickel and most metropolitan newspapers cost one cent. But bear in mind that while a dollar in those days bought more, there were not nearly so many dollars in circulation as today.

When we had advanced to the 4th grade in School, our interest in books began to expand. I recall "Uncle Remus," "Black Beauty," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Grimm's Fairy Tales," also the folk tales of Hans Christian Andersen, the old McGuffey readers, some of Mark Twain, and at home we had all the books of Horatio Alger. In another year or so boys were devouring a book called "The A.B.C. of Electricity" by one Thomas Edison.

When I was about 6 years old, my Mother asked me to sit down and listen to a story. It was a story published in serial by the "Ladies Home Journal;" I have never forgotten that story, nor have I ever forgotten its author with whom I soon became well acquainted. The story was called "The Bears of Blue River," written by Charles Major who lived in our neighboring town of Shelbyville, Indiana. This book still enjoys wide circulation among the boys and girls of Shelbyville and Shelby County. Mr. Major resided next door to my Uncle, Enos Porter, in Shelbyville. One Sunday afternoon in 1901, Hester Porter, my younger cousin, took me over to the Major home so I could meet my favorite author and story-teller. Mr. Major was a delightful character, warm and friendly with children and his cordial hospitality endeared him to us forever. I might explain that the "Blue River" runs directly through Shelbyville and Shelby County and enters the Ohio river one mile above Leavenworth after a course of nearly one hundred miles. The principal action of this fascinating juvenile story was supposed to have been in a forest country about ten miles outside of Shelbyville, away "back in the twenties (1820) when Indiana was a baby state." And the story concerned a young pioneer boy named Balser Brent and his experience with bears. With child-like curiosity I asked Mr. Major if these bear stories were true and he assured me all the stories were founded on truth. Then to my great delight he took down from his library shelf the completed book and read to us advance chapters of the story so I wouldn't have to wait for future issues of the "Ladies Home Journal" to find out what happened to Balser Brent. The next day he came over to my Uncle's home and presented me with an autographed first edition of "The Bears of Blue River" and I never was happier in my life. Charles Major was a lawyer without too much law practice but he was a devoted student of English history; in 1898 his superb novel "When Knighthood Was In Flower" was published and this book at once became a best seller. It was later dramatized and Julia Marlowe was the star of the stage play just as years later, Marian Davies became the screen star in the same play. Mr. Major was now famous and well to do, but in 1901 I thought his "Bears of Blue River" excelled anything he had ever written. Not many people know that Mr. Major



loaned the manuscript of his first novel to James Whitcomb Riley (before it was published) and it was Mr. Riley who suggested the title given the book. This title or name had much to do with making the book popular and successful. It was still the Victorian age, you remember.

There were many illustrious authors, poets and writers in the Hoosier State in those days. Riley was the most famous of all the poets and never has been surpassed to this date. Then also there was George Ade, who said he had gone to an Engineering school (Purdue) to learn how to write; there was Lew Wallace, of "Ben Hur" fame, Meredith Nicholson, the great Booth Tarkington who was just beginning to arrive; Kin Hubbard better known as "Abe Martin;" the old and respected Edward Eggleston, J.P. Dunn, William Dudley Foulke, Gene Stratton Porter, John T. and George Barr McCutcheon, David Graham Phillips, William Vaughn Moody, Theodore Dreiser, Senator Albert J. Beveridge who later distinguished himself with "The Life of John Marshall" and many, many others. People had time to relax and read books in those times for neither Radio nor TV were yet invented.

Another memorable experience of my early youth and this also happened on a visit to Shelbyville was seeing the famous Wild West Buffalo Bill show. I can still see that parade with Col. Cody himself riding a big white stallion leading what then seemed to me ten thousand Indians. The famous Annie Oakley was with the show whom "Sitting Bull" had named "Little Miss Sure Shot;" and many real characters of the old West and Pony Express days were among the troupers. It has been said that "memory plays strange tricks" so I must admit that I don't recall too much about the afternoon show as I was very young. I never saw Buffalo Bill alive again, however in June of 1917 I visited his grave located just outside Denver on a high mountain peak. No monument had yet been erected as he had just been buried a week. The old trailblazer had requested to be buried on this high, lonely mountain so much in keeping with his great, wild career.

Everyone loves a Circus and our little town was exception. Around five o'clock of the morning when the Circus arrived in town, most of the townspeople gathered at the West end Railroad yards to watch the Circus pull into town and unload. The Circus in the early days of which I speak, traveled in their own special trains. Some of the more ingenious boys would get temporary employment with the Circus by supplying water for the elephants. Elephants with a show like Ringling Bros. were well trained and did many chores to expedite the early daylight unloading. Then we would hurry out to the Fairgrounds to see how expertly and quickly the huge tents were put up; but most of all we were watching the wild animal cages, the elephants, horses and circus people themselves. It was a notable occasion and long to be remembered. The morning parade through the main section of town took place about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. This was likewise a noteworthy event and just before the calliope at the very end of the parade, the elephants came jolting along. I can still hear the parade barker shouting through a megaphone to the farmers who had driven to town, "hold your horses, the elephants are coming." No one missed the big tent show in the afternoon and everyone went home filled with peanuts, cracker jack and pink lemonade. The Circus had been to town.

When writing from memory of days far away and long ago, it is often difficult to keep things in chronological order but I shall do my best. My maternal grandfather, Mr. Zoller was a staunch Democrat. He admired the young William Jennings Bryan, famous for his 1896 "Cross of Gold" speech. My paternal ancestors all were Republicans and thought a Democrat was some sort of a varmint. To me, in 1900, it didn't make the least difference for I worshipped my Grand-daddy Zoller. Even in our small town, torch light parades were held with bugle and drum corps and in 1900 Mr. Zoller engaged me to accompany him in some of these evening parades. It was all staged in the grand manner and ended in some public auditorium.



where the leading orator of the Party would deliver the main address, eulogizing Mr. Bryan and all candidates on the Democratic ticket. I can clearly recall wearing a large BRYAN campaign button while walking in the parade and Mr. Zoller had "bribed" me to howl and exclaim at certain intervals:-

"Hurrah for BRYAN,  
He's our man,  
McKinley's in the  
Oyster Can."

My Porter relatives were shocked and looked with contempt upon my behavior even though they realized I was being "touted" by my Grandfather Zoller. Of course McKinley won the election and in those days the election returns were flashed on a large canvas screen in the center of town area, usually the Public Square. Even in 1916 after I had moved to Cincinnati, election returns were brought to the Public in much the same manner. Everyone though Charles Evans Hughes had been elected President on that Election Night but when results from the far west had been counted, Woodrow Wilson was still our President. Radio had not made its debut as yet.

A great friend of mine, although much older, was Gov. Will Cumback who lived directly across the street from us. He had formerly been Lieutenant Governor of Indiana, had many friends over the State, and back in 1861 had introduced President Lincoln to the people of Greensburg. Gov. Cumback, as everyone called him, was a splendid orator, extremely witty and did not understand the meaning of fear. Even in his advanced years, his appearance on the rostrum was stately and majestic. He spoke in a loud bell ringing tone, captured and held the attention of his hearers and no one ever went to sleep while Cumback was making a speech. A grand old gentleman indeed. I was visiting with him the evening when news came of the death of Queen Victoria. He told me all about her, how she had been Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland since 1837, exactly 64 years. He would have been a wonderful Professor of History in any University.

The years of 1903-04 are both memorable years to me because of what was happening in Detroit and St. Louis, Mo. In Detroit Mr. Henry Ford was organizing his famous Motor Company on small capital. Until he succeeded in raising the necessary cash, anyone could have invested in this yearling company. The memory still lingers about Mr. Ford. Mr. Zoller, of whom I have spoken, was entertaining a distinguished gentleman from Detroit one evening. He had a large home, a baronial dining room that would accommodate 35 to 40 guests and his chief delight in life was entertaining big dinner parties, especially with his own family. At that time and until his death in 1913, Mr. Zoller was President of the Third National Bank in Greensburg. It was a prosperous little bank, conservative and well managed. His guest from Detroit was not a stock promoter but sold investment securities, such as municipal and school bonds. But in passing, as if by observation, he did say "Mr. Zoller, I believe that if anyone could purchase some of that new stock in FORD, it would prove in a few years to be a gold mine." The family talked about what the man had said following his departure but any enthusiasm created by his remarks was silenced when my Grand father remarked "nothing will ever beat the horse;" there was about five thousand dollars investment money around that dinner table the evening before which went into 4½ percent municipal bonds the next day. To be sure no one then present understood gasoline engines or motor cars. Had they been acquainted with Detroit men like John Dodge, Alex Malcolson, James Couzens, J.W. Anderson or Mr. Ford himself, I know they would have felt differently. The story is told that a sister of Mr. Couzens, Miss Rosetta V. Couzens invested one hundred dollars in the original Ford Stock and this one hundred dollars eventually returned to her \$355,000.00; and there were no income taxes in those days.



The year 1904 will always remain bright in memory for that was the year of the St. Louis World's Fair. One bright October morning, my Dad, Mother, brother Bob and I boarded a New York Central train (then called the Big Four Railroad) and arrived in St. Louis about sun-down. Up to that time, I had never seen such a huge City. Our first view of the Mississippi river was breath-taking. My brother exclaimed "no wonder De Soto called it the father of waters" and I said it ought to be called "the Mother of waters too" because it was named "Miss-iss-ippi;" We stayed at a new hotel built earlier in the year by a fellow named Statler called the "Innside Inn;" we were right inside the big grounds where the Fair was in progress. I think it was "Forest Park" but am not sure. I know I couldn't sleep all night because of the day's excitement. All of us were up early the next morning, having "batter cakes" in the big dining room down stairs, and anxious to get onto the Midway or "Pike", the main thoroughfare, visit the Exhibits, see our own State Building, but most of all Bob and I wanted to see some of the shows. "The Deer War" was a very spectacular and thrilling event; "the Galveston Flood" was educational, Chief Hale's Fire Fighters from Kansas City, Mo. left a lasting impression, but uppermost in memory was Karl Hagenback's great Wild Animal Show. We spent ten glorious days and nights at this Fair and lived it again for years afterwards. Only one attraction I missed was a ride on that sky-high ferris wheel. This same Ferris Wheel had been at the Chicago World's Fair back in 1893 but my parents vetoed my idea of boarding it. And when my Dad said "No," it meant NO. There was no appeal.

Our town's Courthouse, located in the center of the business section, called the Public Square, has had a maple tree growing atop the clock tower ever since I can remember; sometimes Greensburg is called the "Tree City;" Just how this maple tree ever started to grow in such a strange environment remains a mystery to this day. There have been several trees on the tower and the first tree took root there over 65 years ago. I am told the present tree is of the fourth generation. Old folks back around the McKinley era surmised that a bird had planted a seed between the stone blocks and the seed, being fertile, yielded forth a tree. Whether this be true or not, I do not really know. The present tree is 15 years old.

As I look back it is hard to believe that women of the earlier years of this century ever were able to bear up under the attire characteristic of those times. It was the age of Petticoats, corsets and bustles, high button shoes, long black stockings and long hair. The ladies of 1900 placed no accent on sex. And this mode of dress continued for many ears, almost in fact until 1917, the year of World War One. To my way of thinking, the American girl of today is better dressed, has more style, more appeal and more class than at any time in history. Glamor was unknown in the McKinley era and women did the toilsome chores of housework in the hardest possible way. Hired girls were a luxury that only a few families could afford for their average wages came to three dollars a week. Mothers and grand mothers grew prematurely old and if you are in doubt about this, take a "look" at the grand mothers of today and then glance at the photograph of the grand mother of 1901-2-3-4 etc. Had a young lady of those days dared to use "make-up" such as lip-stick and rouge, she would have created gossip of an unsavory flavor. But the girls and older women at that time for the most part did have beauty of character, nobility of purpose and they knew how to keep house, cook, sew and rear families. They didn't smoke, drink at cocktail bars or repeat vulgar stories. Old fashioned, yes, but fine, decent women of a generation that has now gone. Girls learned at home from their own mothers all the essentials of home making, for the schools had no home economic courses or tutorage in domestic science. In all reality, the first twelve years of this century differed little from the last fifty years of the 19th century.



When I was a boy, a trip to Indianapolis was always a big event. While still young, I developed a keen interest and liking for the theatre whether it was a tent show or staged in some fine Opera House. On one of my first visits to the State Capitol, I saw Lew Dockstader's Minstrels. Over the years I have seen many a minstrel performance but never one to compare with the Lew Dockstader show. His was the greatest in my time. My brother and I were taken to the old English theatre located on the Circle at Indianapolis to enjoy stage presentations of Robert Mantell in Shakespearian roles, Sothorn and Marlowe, William Faversham, Olga Nethersole, Otis Skinner and many others. But at home in Greensburg we enjoyed equally as much the traveling stock companies which presented a different play every night of the week. Admission to these productions was ten, twenty and thirty cents. I saw nearly all that came to town at the old K of P Opera House because the Editor of our leading newspaper supplied me with "passes." Of course "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a favorite, however there were other productions such as "East Lynn," "The Bells," "Way Down East," "The Little Church Around the Corner," "The Lion and the Mouse," "Tom Thumb," "The Two Orphans," "Sis Hopkins," and no one in town missed "Sousa's Band;" Today most of these dramatic presentations would be considered "corny" but 50 years ago they were the top hits. During this era, the Chautauqua craze hit Greensburg. Usually the Chautauqua lasted one whole week and was produced in some wooded grove in the corporate limits of the town. There was an improvised platform up front and enough benches and chairs to seat five hundred persons who made up the audience. The Program Committee brought some extraordinary talent and among the outstanding orators was William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Bryan was strictly a "money" speaker and even in those days had to have a guarantee of five hundred dollars for his afternoon discourse. He was a brilliant speaker in his day but could not compare with men like Jim Watson of Rushville, Ind. who later went on to become our U.S. Senator. In fact Jim Watson was the finest orator I ever heard. He was a "natural" and could speak on any subject at any time. He never read a speech and his eloquence captured and held your attention. When I was much older I entertained the late Clarence Darrow in Cincinnati after he had spoken to a local luncheon Club of which I then was President but even Mr. Darrow did not top Jim Watson. Darrow was a Court Room lawyer, logical, convincing and sincere; he scarcely ever raised his voice but he was extremely effective and absolutely fearless. I have never seen his equal in a Court Room. When I met him in 1927 he did not drink a drop of liquor but he was opposed to any law which prohibited anyone else from having a "drink;" Another speaker of no mean calibre on the political forum was "Uncle" Joe Cannon of Illinois. He was Speaker of the House in the U.S. Congress back in 1904 and even though of advanced age, he was a fighter to the end.

I am getting a little ahead of events but in 1912, I was a page boy at the Republican National Convention in Chicago. Jim Watson was there and all the big wigs of the Party. This was the Convention that nominated Wm. Howard Taft for his second term but when Teddy Roosevelt bolted the Convention, he took enough henchmen with him to form the "Bull Moose" Party and as a result Gov. Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey was elected President of the United States. I recall meeting a man from Pennsylvania at that Convention named Boies Penrose. He was of the old school of political bosses and how he loved politics and life. Mr. Bryan was no sluggard as a gourmand but compared to Boies Penrose he was a rank amateur. Mr. Penrose enjoyed both food and drink in great abundance; he was a large, bulky man and he understood politics better than any of the delegates at the Convention. He knew every important man in the Country, the politicians and the non-politicians. It was educational to watch him work and to see how he achieved every objective. We don't have men of his type today--whether this be for good or bad I am not prepared to say.

One institution that flourished in those earlier days and whose "swan song" was sung Dec. 16th, 1920, when the 18th Amendment went into effect, was the old



fashioned Saloon. Now I am not talking about the hoodlum bars around the river in river towns but of the up town well managed, mahogany bars that closed at 12 o'clock midnight and catered only to men. A book could be written about the "Free lunches" of that era and the very excellent beer, the fine service and prices charged, and the patrons served. There were about seven "emporiums" in Greensburg in 1905-6-7 and a high ball made with bonded whiskey cost one dime; beer served in a twelve ounce Pilsener stem glass was five cents; in larger cities, especially cities of Germanic background like Cincinnati, the beer gardens catered to the best people and a man could safely take his wife and children to such a garden and be just as secure as at home. There was no disorder and no unsavory characters were permitted to frequent these gardens. After Prohibition came, all this ended and it was the end of an era and an institution never to return. For 13 years, the home brew joints, the speakeasy and hijackers took over. Bath tub gin became popular, boot leg whiskey made in some basement down the street and worst of all mob control, creating violence in the big Night Clubs that sprang up all over the land. Gangsters and Gangland controlled the business and not the U.S. Government. We will never see the old German Beer Gardens again nor the free lunches. And there are those who call it "progress."

Everyone knows how the Grand Army of the Republic started and what a power it was in politics during the years directly after the Civil War. Of course Indiana was a Union State and kids in Public Schools, which I attended, were taught that only Rebels lived down South. As we grew older we discovered that the South had many brave and patriotic men and women, of fine character, such as Gen'l. Robt. E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, Gen'l. Longstreet, General Beauregard and Jeb Stuart. Even old Jefferson Davis himself believed in his cause just as much as the Union men of the North believed in their cause. I do not mean to discredit Mr. Lincoln whom I have always regarded as an immortal, nor any of the brave men who fought to save the Union. It was a war that never should have happened. The G.A.R. veterans during the early years of the century who lived in Greensburg always had a parade from the Public Square out to the cemetery on May 30th. A committee asked me one day if I would organize a drum corps to lead their parade on Memorial Day. This was an easy thing to do as most of my young friends had drums and we got a big thrill leading a parade of such distinguished veterans. We would sometimes "beat" too fast a march and had to be "slowed down" for naturally these old soldiers could not step as fast as we could. From the center of the Public Square we would march to the South Park Cemetery, where it is still located and an appropriate ritual was there performed by the living for the dead. Flag decked graves still dominate the old cemetery although the G.A.R. boys are all gone. The brave men who died in 1917-18 and in the 2nd World War and at Korea are resting in this same place where we as youngsters beat drums for the "boys in blue."

It seemed that time was running ahead of us. Here it was 1908 and the old swimmin' hole was no more; it wasn't safe to ride our bicycles as we used to do for the town was becoming flooded with those "horseless" carriages, especially that Model T made by Mr. Ford and we remembered what Grand-daddy Zoller had said a few years before, "Nothing will ever beat the horse;" the old dirt and gravel roads were disappearing and new concrete highways being built; in another year or two the livery stable which always smelled so good to me, would be torn down for a filling station. You couldn't exactly describe it but everyone and everything was gaining in acceleration; a dollar wouldn't buy quite as much as it used to buy; and then suddenly and before I realized it, it was High School graduation day in 1911; I was at Ann Arbor attending the University of Michigan when early in 1912 my father passed away quite suddenly. I knew then that childhood days were over. My world would change and soon the entire world would change. In two short years all of Europe would burst into flames, the start of World War One. But life must go on and I went on with it. The only thing today when I occasionally go back to my home town that looks familiar is that maple tree still growing



on the Court House Tower. Nothing else is the same. Old landmarks have disappeared, new school buildings have arisen, no one knows me and I know no one. My friends of former years are either dead or have moved away.

It was a grand and glorious era in which to have been born and reared however and a wonderful little town for boys and girls to have lived and grown into teen-agers. But as O.O. McIntyre once said "You should never go back to your home town after having been away from it for over 20 years." He was SO RIGHT.

#### THE LAST MEETING

The annual dinner meeting held in December was successful with some one hundred seventy members and guests attending. To repeat Col. Howard H. Bates of Indianapolis, spoke on THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION in his usual inimitable style. All of the officers were reelected.

Cuttings of boxwood used in the table decorations, this from the original Mt. Vernon planting, were much sought for by the dinner guests, and we will not be surprised to find in the years to come boxwood growing all over Decatur county as a result of this fine meeting.

#### THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1962

President-----Paul H. Huber  
1st. Vice-President-----Walter B. Lowe  
2nd. Vice-President-----Mrs. Dorothy Doles  
Corresponding Secy.-----Mrs. Chas. Loucks  
131 W. Central Ave.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Recording Secy.-----Miss Helen K. Bussell  
711 N. East St.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
Treasurer-----William Parker

#### GAELIC BLESSING

"May the roads rise with you,  
And the wind be always at your back;  
And may the Lord hold you in the  
hollow of His hand."

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
OF DECATUR COUNTY  
GREENSBURG, INDIANA



212 Mrs. Worth Osting  
333 W. Washington St.  
Greensburg, Indiana